

373.73H D889 C623 c.1

Cleveland, Nehemiah

A history of Dummer Academy

R.W.B. JACKSON LIBRARY

01SE CIR



3 0005 02024 7923

# DUMMER ACADEMY

## 1763-1913



THE LIBRARY

The Ontario Institute  
for Studies in Education

Toronto, Canada





LIBRARY  
THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE  
FOR STUDIES IN EDUCATION  
TORONTO, CANADA


MAY 1 1968

BENELL BOOKSHOP

\$ 7.50







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



DUMMER ACADEMY  
1763--1913









*W. Dummer.*

A HISTORY  
OF  
DUMMER ACADEMY

BEING  
THE CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE  
DELIVERED BY  
NEHEMIAH CLEVELAND

On August 12th, 1863

TOGETHER WITH  
AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEED-  
INGS IN COMMEMORATION OF  
THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE SCHOOL



NEWBURYPORT, MASS.  
THE HERALD PRESS  
1914





## CONTENTS

---

A HISTORY OF DUMMER ACADEMY .....	1
The Dummer Family .....	2
Richard Dummer .....	3
Jeremy Dummer .....	3
William Dummer .....	4
Katharine Dummer .....	9
The Mansion House .....	10
The Will of Gov. Dummer .....	12
The Moody Family .....	13
Samuel Moody Appointed Master .....	14
Incorporation of Dummer Academy .....	15
Resignation and Death of Master Moody .....	16
Moody as a Teacher and Disciplinarian .....	17
Theophilus Parsons and Rufus King .....	22
Pearson, Webber, Smith, Prescott .....	23
Samuel Phillips, Sir David Ochterlony .....	23
Edward Preble .....	25
Isaac Smith, Preceptor .....	25
Reminiscence of Smith .....	28
Resignation of Smith .....	29
Parker Cleaveland, James Jackson .....	30
Benjamin Allen, Preceptor .....	31
Benjamin Apthorp Gould .....	31
George Barrell Emerson .....	32
Abiel Abbott, Preceptor .....	33
President Hale, Judge Tenney .....	33
Samuel Adams, Preceptor .....	33
Nehemiah Cleaveland, Preceptor .....	34
Society of the Sons of Dummer, Founded .....	35
Project of an Agricultural Department .....	37
Re-organization—English Department .....	39
Phineas Nichols, Principal .....	41
Frederic A. Adams, Principal .....	41
Henry Durant, Principal .....	42

Ariel Clute, Principal .....	43
Marshall Henshaw, Principal .....	43
John S. Parsons, Principal .....	44
The Three Feoffees .....	44
The Fifteen Charter Trustees .....	45
Trustees Elected Before 1840 .....	47
Conclusion .....	56
THE ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.....	59
Anniversary Dinner .....	61
Introduction .....	63
Annual Meeting of the Society of Sons of Dummer.	65
Preliminary Exercises .....	65
The Exercises in Commemoration of the 150th Anniversary .....	67
Mr. John Hamilton Morse .....	67
Professor James Hardy Ropes .....	68
Master Ingham .....	69
Ex-Governor John D. Long, the Orator of the Day.	74
After Dinner Speeches .....	84
Hon. Alden P. White, Toastmaster .....	84
Mr. Joseph N. Dummer .....	85
Mr. Fred M. Ambrose .....	87
Mr. John W. Perkins .....	89
Mr. Henry H. Edes .....	91
Dr. Harlan Amen .....	92
Hon. John D. Long .....	96
The "Samuel Sternes Scholarship" .....	97
The Dummer Ode .....	97
APPENDIX .....	99
Masters .....	99
Trustees .....	100







LIEUT.-GOV. WM. DUMMER.



LADY KATHARINE DUMMER.



MANSTON HOUSE.

## HISTORY OF DUMMER ACADEMY

---

On the first day of March, 1763, in a modest edifice then just put up on this ground, a small company of men and boys met to inaugurate and open a free grammar school. Its founder had died a year or two before, leaving provision for it in his will. A teacher, already distinguished, had been appointed Master, and entered, that day, on his duties, with a goodly number of pupils. Since that memorable March morning, a hundred years have sped their flight. Through all the alterations of heat and frost, of sunshine and of shade, that marked each rolling year; through all the vicissitudes of individual, social, and national life, which constitute the historic detail, and which fill up the grand outline of a century,—this institution has held on its way. The school which DUMMER founded, and which MOODY taught, stands before us to-day a hundred years old,—unimpaired, let us hope, by age, and with a career of usefulness still before it, to stretch on through centuries to come.

It is to signalize the completion of this first great cycle in its history that we meet here, my friends, to-day. It is not possible to mistake the motive and meaning of this great gathering. However we may differ in our pursuits, our opinions, or our feelings, one common, one natural impulse has brought us here, from homes both near and far, and from all the winds of heaven,—to express our grateful admiration of him, who, so long ago, laid this foundation of charity and learning,—to make mention of the wise and good men under whose nurture it has flourished,—to repeat some of the great names which adorn its catalogue,—to trace, here and there, the streams of its beneficent influence,—and, in cases not a few, to renew the friendships and revive the memories of



youth, on the very spot where some of its happiest hours were passed.

In the brief review which I propose, our respects are first due to the illustrious founder. You are, I suppose, generally aware that the Dummers of Newbury are coeval with the town. The parish of Bishopstoke near Southampton was the English home of the pioneers. From that place RICHARD DUMMER came in 1632, and after a sojourn of four years in Roxbury and Boston, joined the founders of this new settlement. His brother, STEPHEN, came from England to Newbury in 1638, but returned, after ten years' trial, taking all his family. Though no American Dummers can trace their origin to Stephen, there is abundant cause to thank him for the child whom he gave in marriage to HENRY SEWALL. This wedded pair, after a few years' stay abroad, returned to Newbury, to become the progenitors of a race unsurpassed in the commonwealth. Of what other woman among the Pilgrims can it be said that four of her immediate descendants attained to seats on the highest bench of judicature, and that three of these held the place of chief-justice—not to mention others of the family, who were only less distinguished? Nor was this all that JANE DUMMER did for her country and mankind—for in the sixth degree of direct descent from her, we have the renowned and delightful author of *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*.

The elder brother, Richard, was, from the beginning, a man of mark; by far the largest land-holder here, and, probably, the richest man in the Province. The first mill in the town was built by him on a fall, still turned to use. He was prominent in church affairs, and a magistrate of the Colony. In the controversy regarding discipline, which so long agitated the first Parish of Newbury, and which the entire civil and ecclesiastical power was unable to quell, he took part against the ministers, Parker and Noyes, and was one of the two Ruling Elders elected to manage the affairs of the church. In that greater controversy, when a strong minded woman first appeared on the Massachusetts stage, and shook the young colony to its base, he sided with Harry Vane, and not with John Winthrop. But Winthrop carried the day;—Dummer was left out of the magistracy, and had gun and sword taken from him under the disarming act. I rejoice to add that he did not wait long for his revenge. A

few years later, Winthrop, by the dishonesty of his English steward, became poor. An appeal was made to the generosity of the colonists, and in the subscription which followed, Richard Dummer's name 'led all the rest.'\*

It is pleasant to know that this is the very ground on which the patriarch lived; that here he made his first clearing in the woods; that here was the site of the earliest Dummer home, and that it was his plough-share which first turned up to the sun and air, the virgin soil of our school farm. Conjointly with Saltonstall, Sewall, and others, he was among the first to import cattle, horses and sheep into the new colony, and it is on record that the herds thus introduced were pastured on an extensive tract set apart for the purpose, round the falls where the Byfield Factory now stands. From this useful enterprise, and from the fruit trees which he brought over, the young community here must have derived large advantage. One delicious apple which he, perhaps, introduced, and which is found only here, still bears the Dummer name. The large black mulberry before the Mansion House, so familiar to you all, may have been planted by him. The oldest apple-trees on the farm undoubtedly date back to his day.

Of his five sons, Jeremiah became a silver-smith, and settled in Boston—a man of substance and respectability in his day, but chiefly to be remembered as the father of Jeremy and William. The name of JEREMY DUMMER, as the able and faithful agent of Massachusetts in England, is familiar to every reader of our colonial annals. But it is not so generally known that he was one of the most remarkable men New England had then produced;—that, after graduating at Harvard, with a reputation for scholarship unequaled there, he won similar distinction at the great University of Leyden in Holland;—that, relinquishing the sacred profession for which he had been trained under Mather and Witsius, with the highest prospects of eminence and useful-

\*This was in 1640. Of less than £500 contributed, Dummer gave £100. "His generosity," says Savage, "is above all praise. His contribution is fifty per cent. above the whole tax of his town, and equal to half the benevolence of the whole metropolis; yet he had been a sufferer under the mistaken views of Winthrop and other sound religionists."

ness, he devoted himself with equal success to the study of jurisprudence and of politics;—that, for many years, he shone as a publicist, courtier, wit, and mingled on terms of intimacy with that brilliant circle of scholars, authors, and Mæcenases, who gave to the reign of Queen Anne its highest distinction, as England's Augustan age. As the confidential agent of his native province,—her ambassador plenipotentiary near the Court of St. James,—as the efficient defender of her chartered rights at a time when those rights were in danger,—as an enlightened, steady, consistent friend of his own country, at all times and everywhere,—the name of Jeremy Dummer must ever hold an exalted place on the roll of Massachusetts worthies.

You will pardon me, surely, for having dwelt a moment on the memory of this illustrious man. He was own brother to the founder of this Academy, and to this old ancestral spot, the future companion of Swift, Addison, and Pope, of Marlborough, Craggs, and St. John, doubtless made many a visit in his school and college days.

WILLIAM DUMMER was born in Boston in the year 1677. Of his early life and education, no particulars are on record, so far as I am aware. Whatever advantages were afforded by the Boston Grammar School, (and those were by no means inconsiderable), he undoubtedly enjoyed. The first mention made of him represents him as living at Plymouth, England, and acting as Commissioner for his native colony. While thus occupied, he received from Government the appointment of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. This honor he owed, we are told, to the kind influence of the excellent Sir William Ashurst. How long he had been resident in England does not appear. On the receipt of his commission he came home. This was in 1716. The time of his return, to take an active part in the politics and government of his native province, was one of high excitement. His father-in-law, GOVERNOR JOSEPH DUDLEY, had just retired from office, after an uneasy administration of fourteen years. That spirit of party which sprang up in Massachusetts with the advent of the new charter, had been getting more and more irascible and jealous. Contemporaneously with the return of Dummer, came out SAMUEL SHUTE as the successor of Dudley. Born of dissenting parents, and nominally, at least, a puritan in his religious views, Gov. Shute was not



unwelcome in the Colony. But he was also a military man—having learned under the great Duke of Marlborough, that the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders. His instructions from the Crown required that he should insist upon a fixed annual salary. To this the sturdy colonists objected. It would make the Governor quite too independent. There were other causes of disagreement springing mainly from financial questions and legislation on the currency. The Governor was firm—the House was obstinate. After battling it for seven years, during which he had not gained an inch of ground, the discomfited Colonel stepped, one day, on board a small vessel and sailed away for England, without so much as saying good-bye to any body. He thought, probably, that his personal representations to the Government at home, would lead, at once, to more stringent measures; that the recusants would be brought to terms, and the way opened for his own triumphant return. Those expectations—if such he had—were doomed to disappointment. Colonel SHUTE, though nominally Governor for six years longer, never came back.

Such were the circumstances under which William Dummer was called to act as Chief Magistrate of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. It is needless to say that it was a difficult and delicate position, to which he thus succeeded. His alliance with the powerful but unpopular Dudleys—his friendly intimacy with Gov. Shute—and his acknowledged sentiments of loyalty to the throne—were not likely, as matters then stood in the colony, to create a pre-possession in his favor. On the other hand, he had the advantage of being a New England man, of tried ability and of the purest character. That he succeeded where his immediate predecessors had so signally failed,—securing the almost universal approval and esteem of a people keenly jealous in regard to their rights and liberties, yet without forfeiting the favor of the Crown,—is proof enough that his talents were of a high order, and that he lacked neither judgment nor prudence. If, however, he got on without quarrelling, it was not always for want of provocation. The House still kept tight hold of the Provincial purse strings—but, fortunately, the Governor had a purse of his own. He negatived, as contrary to his instructions, an act of the General Court, for issuing bills of credit, and it was modified so as



to remove the objection. Minor cases of offensive action, involving no great principle or serious consequence, he judiciously left unnoticed. But when the House attempted to usurp executive power—to say who should and who should not command the troops and fortresses, and to make its own disposition of forces in the field;—"the lieut. gov." (I quote now from Hutchinson) "by a message let the house know "that the king had appointed him general of the forces, and "that he only had the power to draw them off, and added "that he expected all messages from the house should be "properly addressed to him, otherwise he should pay no "regard to them." The house saw their mistake and sent a request to Mr. Dummer that they might have leave to withdraw the resolve. Happy the governor, whether of men or boys, who knows just when to strike, and when to forbear!

But our Governor had something more to do than merely to soothe or to control those fractious representatives. An Indian war, instigated, perhaps, but certainly prolonged and aggravated by French intrigue,—had for a long time distressed the northern colonies. Who has not read, till his heart ached, those tales of savage ambush, onslaught, massacre, burning, and capture, which kept all the border settlements in constant alarm, and which have left their crimson trace on so many pages of our colonial history! At no period, perhaps, were these outrages more frequent, or more appalling than during the first three years of Dummer's administration. Contemporary writers praise the skill and energy with which this war was carried on by the Government. I shall allude to a single instance only. It is just one hundred and thirty nine years ago this very day, since a small force of less than two hundred men, sent by Governor Dummer against the tribe of the Norridgewocks, took, by surprise, their little settlement on the bank of the Kennebeck—at that time deep in the untamed wilderness—now a comparatively old town, and for more than forty years the peaceful residence of our distinguished friend and alumnus, MR. JUSTICE TENNEY. The circumstance which gave to this victory its chief importance at the time, and its enduring interest as a matter of history, was the death of that accomplished scholar, that devoted missionary, that cunning, able Jesuit, who had so long held those Indians subject to his bidding. His unquestioned virtues and his

untimely fate have thrown a romantic charm around his name—yet who can doubt that the fall of Father Rale was an event highly conducive to humanity and peace?

In the winter of 1725-6, a treaty of peace was agreed upon in Boston, and in the summer following, that treaty was ratified at Falmouth, in a set conference with the Penobscot Indians. At the same place, a year later, the Norridgewocks and other tribes, lately hostile, went through the same process. Many Indians attended, with their respective sachems and spokesmen. On the other side were Gov. Dummer, Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire, Maj. Mascarene, representing the Governor of Nova Scotia, a majority of his Majesty's Council, and several of the Representatives; the entire proceeding being conducted with a good degree of civic and military ceremony. I have looked through the narrative of these two conventions as drawn up and published in pamphlet form at the time, with the minute details of each day's transactions,—and did time allow, I would fain attempt to place before your mental eye, a tableau of the scene—that circle of polished, Christian gentlemen, and that group of painted warriors, with all the paraphernalia of citizen and of savage, as they met so long ago in amicable council on the comparatively wild shore of that beautiful archipelago. Suffice it to say—through the entire proceeding, the dignity and moderation, the firmness, kindness and sagacity of the chief actor, are strikingly displayed. The judicious treaty then and there concluded, was the foundation of a peace with the Indian tribes, which remained unbroken more than twenty years.

In 1728, WILLIAM BURNET was transferred from the chief magistracy of New York and New Jersey to that of Massachusetts. His arrival, in the summer of that year, relieved Mr. Dummer from the cares of office. We may well imagine that during the next twelve months, he looked with mingled amusement and compassion, on the change which followed:—the ship of state, no longer guided by his clear eye and steady hand, but tossing and rolling in a troubled sea. Here was a great Bishop's son—a pupil of Sir Isaac Newton—a man of deep erudition—of many accomplishments—of commanding person—of gentle temper—of winning manners—travelled, witty, and sagacious,—but who with all that did not know to manage the men of Massachu-

setts. His sudden death in September, 1729, called Mr. Dummer again to the curule chair. Six months later, by the arrival of Governor Belcher, and by the appointment of another person as Lieut. Governor, he was enabled to retire wholly from public life. He lived thirty nine years longer. But we can follow him no farther. The record of that mild decline, with all its peaceful, useful, honored days is 'on high' and only there. For us,

"Enough that goodness filled the space between.  
Proved by the ends of being to have been."

Scanty as our materials are, there is enough to show that the character of William Dummer was one of uncommon symmetry. We discover no shining quality of mind—no prominent, out-cropping virtue. But we do discern abilities equal to every emergency—a judgment always calm and solid—great firmness—strict integrity and warm benevolence. He may, or may not have possessed those military capabilities, which, under favoring circumstances, make a hero—but in civil affairs and governmental administration, he undoubtedly showed, to a remarkable extent, that rare combination of qualities, which, as exhibited on a broader stage, the world has since learned to admire in George Washington.

His provision for the establishment of this school, whether considered in reference to the time or the consequences of the act, entitles him to perpetual praise. The fact that other schools of later date, have gone far ahead of it—the fact, even—(alas! not impossible) that, like the Turnpike which runs by its side—it may hereafter fall into comparative disuse and decay—can never obliterate, and ought not to obscure the merits of him who laid, upon this ground, the first foundation of its kind in America.

Gov. Dummer was a man of firm religious faith, and of the most exemplary life. From the strict creed and sound morals in which he was brought up, he never swerved—happier, in this respect, than his renowned and gifted brother, whose principles and practice were sadly warped by his intimacy with the profligate and infidel Bolinbroke. With the second Pemberton, his chaplain at Castle William, and afterwards his neighbor in Boston—with the poetic,



witty, odd Mather Byles, his own minister in Hollis Street—with good Moses Parsons, his pastor when in the country—with Foxcroft and Chauncey, whom he made Trustees of this charity—and with Samuel Mather, the son of Cotton and last of that celebrated family—Mr. Dummer appears to have been on terms of cordial friendship. The funeral discourse of Mather Byles, while it does justice to his high qualities as a magistrate and citizen, dwells mainly on his excellence as an humble, benevolent, christian man.

That Mr. Dummer was happy in his marriage—with a single exception—its want of issue—there is every reason to believe. His wife, KATHARINE DUDLEY, was born in England, in the year 1690, and passed her childhood amidst the highest social advantages, and the loveliest scenery of the motherland—her father being a member of Parliament and Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Wight. When he came back in 1702, as Governor of Massachusetts, his daughter undoubtedly accompanied him. There can, however, be very little doubt that she was a visitor in England at the time of her marriage with Mr. Dummer, which occurred twelve years later, while he was living at Plymouth, as Commissioner. The portrait here, which was taken probably not a great while afterwards, shows a good-looking rather than handsome woman.\* The circumstances of her birth and her position in society justify the belief that she lacked no accomplishment, then deemed desirable. That she had a good and well cultivated mind, that she was dignified and graceful in person and in manners, and that her conversation was marked by elegance and ease, is the testimony of one who knew her well. During her whole life, whether in Old or in New England, she moved in an elevated sphere. For a considerable time she occupied in her own country the first place in the first rank of society—and occupied it well. In the scriptural application of her pastor, “she shed a lustre on her husband, when he sat at the head of the elders of the land.” And better than all this is the assurance we have,

\*The picture had come down in the heir-loom way to a Mrs. Osgood of West Newbury, who presented it to the Academy in 1822. The Governor and his lady were thus re-united after a separation of sixty years.



that her most distinguishing traits were benevolence and piety. Mrs. Dummer died in Boston, in 1752.

Besides the soil, the rocks, and a few of the trees, the only objects here which have the slightest smack of antiquity are, the old clock in the Academy,—these ancient portraits,—and the Mansion House itself. The precise date of the structure is not known. Tradition has always ascribed its erection to the Lieut. Governor, and there is every probability in its favor. It is not very likely that this event preceded Mr. Dummer's marriage in 1714, nor that it was delayed long after his return. My belief is that it dates back as far, at least, as 1720. That is a monstrous anachronism which somebody has put up over the door—a chronological falsehood—which should be painted out as soon as possible. No stranger can see it there and not suppose it to be the date of the house.

In his history of Newbury, our indefatigable Alumnus, Joshua Coffin, informs us that in October, 1716, Governor Shute, being on his way to Portsmouth, was met by the Newbury troop, and by them escorted to the house of Lieut. Gov. Dummer, where he passed the night and “was finely entertained.” Whether it were in this house, or in the house which preceded it, that Gov. Shute and President Leverett slept that night, there can be no doubt that the means of entertainment were ample and elegant.

Gov. Dummer did not live here. I mean to say that this was not his house. With a good house in Boston, he was not very likely to spend his winters in Byfield. Built evidently for summer use, all the wood on the farm (and it was well wooded then) could not make the house comfortable in the cold season. I speak from knowledge. I never recall my first winter there, without a shiver. That we did not all freeze up solid, I still regard in the light of a miraculous preservation.

But here, undoubtedly the family spent their summers. There was no Saratoga or Newport then for the rich and fashionable. Those who had country seats went to them—and those who were less favored stayed at home in town,—except when they were so fortunate as to get a private invitation. In his own quiet mansion,—on his own verdant and shady grounds—Mr. Dummer, whether in or out of office, could always find retirement and repose,—and the

care of his fine farm was probably no more than he needed in the way of occupation and excitement. That old Mansion House has done good service to the school, though it would have been incomparably better, in point of economy and utility, to have replaced it seventy five years ago, by a more commodious structure. But the associations which constitute its highest claim on our admiration and regard, lie a good way back of the period when Moody lived there with his noisy boys. They belong to the time when it was the summer home of gentle wisdom and rare virtue—the seat of open and refined hospitality—a place of convivial, social, and intellectual enjoyment, seldom equalled. The Visitors' Register, or Record of Guests, at the Dummer House, during the first half of the 18th century, if such a record were kept, has not come down to us. Notwithstanding this deficiency, I venture to enumerate a few of the distinguished persons who were wont to sit and chat in those wainscoted parlors, to sleep in the tapestried chambers, to drive, to ride, to walk over these roads and through these grounds, in the mild summer days and the moon-lit evenings, considerably more than a hundred years ago.

Here then might be seen the venerable Joseph Dudley, late Chief Magistrate of the Province, father of the hostess, son of that staunch Puritan Governor, who helped Winthrop and Endicott and Bradstreet and Bellingham to lay the deep and broad foundation of the Colony—himself a man of large and varied experience, learned, able, accomplished, and courtly;—and Madam Dummer's gifted brother PAUL, Attorney General for awhile, then Chief Justice—a profound theologian, and yet so eminent in science that the Royal Society of London made him one of their fellows;—and his accomplished brother, William Dudley,—a strong, brilliant, eloquent man—who had been a warrior and a Judge—for many years Speaker of the House, and then long and eminently useful as a member of the Council. Here sometimes came *his* kinsfolk the SEWALLS, great luminaries of the Bar and the Bench—and *her* brave cousin, Edward Tyng, of the British Navy, high in rank and honor, not to mention others more remote of the same aristocratic name. And did not Mrs. Dummer's sister Mary, who lived down by the Merri-mac, often drive up, of an afternoon, and take tea at the Mansion House? And did not her husband, old Captain

Joseph Atkins, whose youth had been spent in the naval service of England, tell many a long story in the small sitting-room, of grand sea-fights with the French, and how they took Gibraltar? And then, there were the Powells, the Dummers, the Moodeys, the Bradstreets, the Denisons, the Woodbridges, the Willards, the Savages and others, more or less related, but pleasant, worthy people, who must have been occasional visitors at the old Dummer Mansion, during the first thirty or forty years of its existence.

Have I not adduced enough to awaken some interest in the venerable structure? Ought it not to be preserved with pious care? Would it not be a shame if such a house should be given over to squalor and neglect? If such grounds should be surrendered to the dominion of bushes and burdocks?

William Dummer died on the tenth of October, 1761, being 84 years old. His will, made seven years before, was approved soon afterwards. By this instrument he set apart his dwelling house and farm in Newbury for the establishment of a grammar school to stand forever on the farm. The property was given in trust to Messrs. Foxcroft and Chauncey of Boston, and to Mr. Nathaniel Dummer of Newbury, and to their heirs and assigns forever,—the rents and profits to be employed in erecting a school house and in support of a master. The appointment of this officer was entrusted to a Committee of five Byfield free-holders, to be chosen annually at the regular parish meeting, and who were to act in conjunction with the minister for the time being. The master, once elected, was in for life, unless on the ground of incompetency or immorality, the Overseers of Harvard College should see fit to remove him. The ability to read English well was the simple condition of admission to the school.

In conformity to the will, the Trustees put up, during the year 1762, a small school building. It was in the humble style and on the moderate scale which characterized the country school houses of that day:—a square, one-story structure, not much more, I think, than twenty feet on a side, and stood nearly on the site of the present academic edifice.

At the annual meeting of Byfield parish in March, 1762, the committee of five free-holders was undoubtedly chosen, though the record of that meeting is lost. The Com-



mittee found, probably, no difficulty in making a selection. Their choice fell upon SAMUEL MOODY, then master of the grammar school in York.

This remarkable man belonged to a family that might well be called remarkable.

WILLIAM, the immigrant ancestor, was one of the first settlers near the mouth of the Parker. Here lived his son SAMUEL, some of whose descendants have been distinguished. Another son, JOSHUA, of Portsmouth and Boston, was a christian minister of the noblest type,—a mild, unbigoled, heroic Puritan,—who resisted on the Piscataqua the tyranny of Cranfield, and who afterwards in Boston, during that reign of terror, the witchcraft delusion, did all he could to stem the torrent of superstitious frenzy. CALEB, third son of the pioneer, was a freeman and representative of Newbury, who showed his mettle in opposition to the usurpations of Andros, and was imprisoned for it. This patriot confessor was the great grandfather of Master Moody. His grandfather, SAMUEL MOODY, was that singular man, who for half a century served and ruled the first parish of York, and who was so famous through all NEW ENGLAND, for his exalted piety, his implicit faith, and his intense oddity. Nor was 'Faithful Moody' more of a phenomenon in those days of eccentricity and wonder, than his son JOSEPH, known throughout the country as 'HANDKERCHIEF MOODY.' You have heard the story. After graduation at Harvard, he settled in York—became town-clerk, Register of Deeds—County Judge—and performed every duty acceptably and well. Unfortunately for him he had an uncommon 'gift of prayer';—his father, in consequence, over-persuaded him to go into the pulpit—and got him settled in Upper York. From that ill-judged step and ill-starred hour, his mind began to grow unsettled, and a miserable hallucination, like that which tormented the poet Cowper, took possession of his soul. From this time he seldom appeared in public, and never without that mysterious bandanna drawn before his face, from which he derived his sobriquet. This amiable monomaniac was the father of our Preceptor. This glance at the family tree shows that it was no common current that ran in his veins, and accounts, in some measure, both for what was healthy and what was morbid in his cerebral organization. After he graduated at Cambridge in 1746, he took



charge of the York grammar school, which he raised to a high degree of celebrity. Though this was only a public town school, its reputation was such that it attracted scholars from other places. Many who rose to usefulness and honor passed through the plastic hands of Mr. Moody, during the 16 or 17 years that he taught in York. I shall only allude to Joseph Willard, who owed to Mr. Moody the idea and the possibility of obtaining a liberal education, and who laid, under Moody's careful training, the foundations of that ability and learning, which made him the best Greek scholar of his day, and qualified him to preside over the first seat of learning in the country. I have alluded to the first day of the school. It opened becomingly with devotional services and sermon by the Rev. Mr. Parsons. Twenty eight scholars were in attendance. Among them was the late venerable Dea. Benjamin Colman, who lived to be more than ninety years old, and was probably then the sole survivor.

No document or record remains to show the terms and conditions under which Mr. Moody took the charge. Still we know very nearly what they must have been. He had the Mansion House to live in, and might turn it to profitable account by boarding some of the boys. He had also all that he could get from a large and valuable farm. He was permitted, moreover, to collect from his pupils a moderate tuition fee—at least such was his practice. Being unmarried, he brought hither from Newburyport, his brother Joseph, who had been more observant of the primal duty. Joseph took charge of the Mansion House,—boarded the Master—boarded the boys,—and carried on the farm. It was a very convenient arrangement. Joseph seems to have been Steward, Major Domo, and outside manager general. Samuel had, literally, no care beside his school. This soon filled up. For a good many years, there were from 70 to 80 boys in the school, and from 20 to 25 boarders in the Mansion House. How the Master contrived to pack them in his diminutive school-room, and how the Steward managed to lodge and to feed them in a building which would now seem crowded with half that number, are problems which I shall not attempt to solve. Certainly no such concentration of juvenile humanity would be tolerated now.

We should not forget that there were causes for this extraordinary prosperity, besides the ability and fame of the

Master. For more than a score of years, it was the only institution of the kind, and had, therefore, the whole field to itself. With advantages of education much inferior to those which it actually afforded, scholars might have flocked to the school, since they could go no where else. This we can readily concede without abating a jot from the great merits of Master Moody. Those merits were of a character to make themselves known and appreciated anywhere and at any time. If boys did sometimes come to Dummer School because it held at that time a monopoly in the educational line, they remained because they found there all which they could desire.

For nineteen years Mr. Moody literally conducted the school in every respect. The Trustees under the will did nothing, and had nothing to do. The Parish Committee was annually chosen, but their office was little more than a sinecure;—and the Overseers of the College were never called upon to consider the delicate question of senile incompetence. But, although matters thus far had worked well, it was becoming evident that they could not always go on thus. To what extent the Parish Committee could exercise the visitatorial and the supervisory power, was not made clear by the Will, and had been a question of much doubt and discussion in the parish. Mr. Moody himself was getting old, and could not hold out much longer. To accomplish fully the benevolent intentions of Mr. Dummer, a good deal more was needed than he had provided for—more, perhaps, than it had been in his power to provide for. And hence the act of incorporation. The petition came from the Rev. Dr. Chauncey, at that time the only survivor of the three original Trustees. You will readily excuse me from reciting the act of 1782. Its main feature is the creation of a Board of Trustees (fifteen in number) who have the control of the property, the appointment of teachers, and the management of the school. Mr. Moody was retained as Master by the provisions of the act, which secured to him his office under the original tenure.

From this time we have a written record of all official proceedings. There is, however, no evidence of any immediate or important change in the character of the institution, or in the general conduct of its affairs. The name had, indeed, been altered from the plain, honest, sensible title of

"Dummer School" to the far more ambitious and far less appropriate style of "Dummer Academy," and that strong, old word, 'Master,' which is still thought good enough for the President of a College in Oxford and Cambridge, was converted into the tamer designation of 'Preceptor.' The Trustees took charge of the property, fixed the tuition, and leased the farm. But Joseph was still tenant and steward, though required to be more careful how he cut off the wood. Here, for some years longer, was the same school, the same master, but no longer what they had been. Mr. Moody's declining usefulness was due not to advancing age alone. His hereditary tendencies were beginning to appear. That nervous energy which had carried him triumphantly through so many years of successful toil, now rose often into unnatural excitement, which was sure to be followed by unnatural depression. Those marked idiosyncrasies which had long been elements of power and influence, put on, at length, a morbid type, and could be regarded only as symptoms of intellect disordered. His unfitness to remain had become generally evident, a good while before any one found courage to suggest it to the incumbent. In October, 1789, Mr. Moody addressed a note to the Board, proposing to resign at the expiration of his brother's lease, if that lease could be renewed for another year. The Trustees, in reply, accepted the resignation in form as tendered, but advised that it should be made immediate, as an act due to the master, to the school, and to the public. His final resignation, to take effect on the 25th of March, 1790, was sent in soon after.

Mr. Moody survived his retirement from the school nearly six years. He was yet strong in body, and rode much on horseback around the country, calling on friends and former pupils; his large heart still beating with benevolent impulse, and his over-active brain full of grand, impracticable schemes for the advancement of education, and the benefit of mankind. His death, which occurred at Exeter in December '95, was a fitting close to so remarkable life—it came

"with no fiery throbs of pain,  
No cold gradations of decay;"

but instantly, as he was walking the room, discoursing earnestly and volubly in Latin.

Our knowledge of this celebrated man is wholly







OLD SCHOOL HOUSE OF 1763 AND FARM HOUSE.

traditional. Except in the grateful memory of his pupils, he left no record or memorial of his scholarship and skill. But what better testimonial can any teacher have or desire? Some of those men I once knew, and often have I listened with 'ear attent' to their narratives and descriptions of school days. The theme on which they so fondly dwelt, was scarcely less interesting to me, and I have since regretted that I neglected at the time to pen the conversation down. But the mental image made up years ago from those off-hand, fragmentary sketches, is still distinct, and must supply the lack of a more authentic portraiture.

A large and somewhat coarse exterior—motions which had more of vigor than of grace—that easy power of command which marks some men as if "born to rule"—that liveliness of feeling, thought, manner, and speech, which more, perhaps, than any other quality commends manhood to boyhood—a professional zeal bordering on enthusiasm—the zeal which gives to its possessors a faculty and an influence that minds more evenly balanced rarely attain—a sturdy will, persevering energy, great earnestness, and evident sincerity;—such, I conceive to have been the prominent characteristics of Master Moody, as he appeared in his best days.

I have no reason to think that his scholarship extended over a wide range of subjects. To mathematics and natural science, to common arithmetic, even, he made no pretension, and these branches, when taught here, were never taught by him. He read the French language with ease and accuracy, so far as the sense was concerned, though it may be doubted whether his pronunciation conformed to Parisian usage. It was in Latin and Greek—especially the former—that his strength as a scholar and teacher mainly lay. To these he gave his undivided attention and his whole soul. He was no Bentley, or Porson, or Heyne. He never wrote, I am confident, a sentence of verbal criticism, or a line of classical annotation. There is no reason to suppose that he had read many of the ancient authors—still less that he was in the habit of gratifying a cultivated taste by excursions in the flowery fields of Greek and Roman literature. To fit his boys for College and to fit them well, was his ambition and pride, and though a majority of his pupils stopped short of the college course, still he believed, that even for them there

was no other discipline of equal value. His acquaintance with the text books necessary to this end was minute, thorough and remarkably exact. Within those limits he was always and everywhere at home. So far, at least, no question of interpretation, of syntax, or of prosody, ever found him unprepared. These habits of accuracy, of readiness, and of freshness, he kept up by constant exercise and unremitted application. One fact—incredible as it seems—I had from authentic sources. He was in the habit of studying the French and Latin dictionaries, in regular course from A to Z.

The promptness and exactness for which he was so remarkable, were the qualities which he required in his pupils, and which he labored, not in vain, to create. Of his peculiar methods and appliances, a few only are remembered. His views of order in a school-room differed from those which usually prevail. Silence, there, he thought, was more distracting than noise. Accordingly, he not only permitted, but encouraged his scholars to study audibly. The buzz of sixty or seventy boys loudly conning their various tasks, not only filled the room, but could be heard at some distance from the house. New-comers unused to the practice were disturbed at first, but soon fell in with the current, and liked it well. This confused murmur made the recitation of classes and remarks of teachers inaudible to the rest, and thus favored abstraction and attention. But surely under the cover of such a hubbub, there must have been a deal of talk and play among the boys. This was my thought when I heard the story, and it may be yours. But I mistook. So quick was the master's ear, that, no matter how intently occupied himself, he seldom failed to detect the unlawful tone—the surreptitious interlude—while his equally quick eye and hand soon arrested the unlucky offender.

I have no reason to think that his discipline was uniform or always judicious. Wayward and impulsive, he sometimes failed to control himself. But youth can appreciate, and not unwillingly forgives, even the passionate outbreaks of an honest, kindly, whole-souled instructor. For the indolent and vicious he had a large and diversified list of penalties, some of which were amusing to the lookers-on, if not always to the culprits. He would sometimes relax the reins of authority, allowing his scholars to close their books, while he told some diverting story—after which there would be a



saturnalian license of the tongue,—the master himself, transformed for the moment into a laughing, rollicking boy. And then, a single tap of his finger—a single glance from his ‘altered eye,’ would quell the uproar, and put order, duty, reverence, again upon the throne.

Though he lived long before the days of gymnastic apparatus and instruction, he looked carefully after the amusements, the health, and the safety of his boys. In the matter of bathing his regulations were strict and peculiar. The time and the place were fixed by him. The state of the tide was carefully observed, and if the favorable moment happened to come in the midst of school hours, he suspended work for awhile, and sent the boys out to bathe—so important in his view was the salubrious immersion. For greater safety he divided the school into two bands. The smaller lads and mere novices in swimming went by themselves to the Little River—a comparatively shallow stream—while all who could be trusted in deeper water ran off in the opposite direction and plunged into the broader estuary.

We have it on abundant testimony that with the exception of his closing years at Byfield, his entire career as an instructor was pre-eminently successful. He could not, indeed, transmute lead to gold, nor was he so foolish as to attempt it. But he well knew how to mould and make the most of the intellectual material which came into his hand. The test of his ability is found in the unusually large proportion of his pupils who rose to distinction and usefulness in all the walks of life. The vivid, the ineffaceable impression which he made on every mind that came under his direction,—evinced as it was by life-long expressions of admiration and gratitude,—is an evidence of worth, that nothing can impeach.

During the earlier period of my residence here, I was honored one day with a call from that truly great man, JEREMIAH MASON. The conversation soon turned upon Master Moody,—his peculiar methods and wonderful power as an educator of boys. Many questions were put to me—more, I am sure, than I could satisfactorily answer. Mr. Mason told me that he had known several of the able and eminent men, who had been trained here, and that he had often heard them talk in glowing and grateful terms of their eccentric but admirable instructor. He instanced, especially,



Mr. Rufus King, with whom he had served as Senator in Washington, as one from whose lips he had repeatedly heard the praises of Master Moody. Whatever were his merits or his peculiarities, added Mr. Mason, the teacher, whom such men as Parsons and King so esteemed and so remembered, must have had abilities and excellence of no ordinary character. The justness of this inference must, I think, be evident to all.

The great New Hampshire jurist was far from being the only man who has felt curious to know in what art or charm lay the secret of Master Moody's wonderful success. The inquiry is one of moment to all—but especially interesting to every member of that respectable guild to which he belonged, and which his example has done so much to dignify and adorn. For the purposes of such an investigation, how pleasant it would be if we could put upon the stand, Presidents Willard and Webber—Professors Eliphalet Pearson, David Tappan, and John Smith,—or, better still—Chief Justice Parsons and Senator King. Their testimony on this point would certainly be instructive. But let us look at the question with such lights as we have. The view which I have been accustomed to take may be stated briefly as follows.

He had, to begin with, certain qualities of intellect, heart, and temperament, which made it comparatively easy for him either to curb or to stimulate the youthful mind. His knowledge, if not very extensive, was positive, precise, and at his fingers' ends. During his first twenty years as Master of Dummer School, he *was* MASTER to all intents and purposes. Uncontrolled by outside directors, he devised all his own modes of procedure, and carried them into effect without help and without interference. No mistaken notions of parents or of Trustees compelled him to promise—much less to undertake—the absurd task of carrying young boys through the whole circle of the sciences. He had the good sense to see that in the earlier stages of education—if not, indeed, in every stage—manner and quality are infinitely more important than variety and quantity. Fortunately he was in a position to give practical efficiency to his theoretic convictions. At that age when by the happy constitution of our nature, words are most readily caught and most tenaciously retained; when the memory is in advance of the

judgment, and when linguistic acquisitions are easier and more agreeable than ever afterward, he set his boys to studying Latin. He knew that the thorough prosecution of one solid study, could not fail to prepare the pupil for successful application in all other departments of learning. It was all-important that he should begin right. I have heard many an ingenious and able argument in favor of classical learning, and have listened to those who, in their advocacy of what they were pleased to call a practical education, denounced as wasted time and worse than useless, all attention to the ancient languages, on the part of boys not destined to some learned profession. But to my mind, one such example and illustration as that we are now considering, goes far towards settling the question. Master Moody's boys came to this school from every class in society, and every walk in life, and with the usual variety of disposition and of talent. After a few years of judicious, careful, thorough training, chiefly in the Latin language, they left for the farm, the sea, the counting room, or the professions, with or without the College course. Of these men, an unusual proportion were successful in life, and not a few became distinguished. They carried away from this spot, not, indeed, a large stock of acquired knowledge—but what was incomparably more valuable—minds so formed to habits of independent thought and of careful, exact, thorough learning, as made all subsequent acquisition comparatively easy and certain. But ought not education to be practical? I hear some one ask. Certainly—without that quality it is good for nothing. But when—where—I would like to be informed—has there lived an equal number of men, more absolutely, more sensibly, more usefully practical, than those who began life here, during the first quarter of the century, whose close we celebrate?

Let it not be imagined that Mr. Moody was a mere classical drill-sergeant, or that his sole power as an educator lay in his knowledge and skill as a teacher of language. If, wondering at the great and long enduring influence, which he exerted over his pupils, you should ask me in the words of Lovell Edgeworth—

“How” did “he rule them—by what arts?”

Edgeworth should give the answer:

"He knew the way to touch their hearts."

There was no lesson which he urged so frequently or more successfully on his boys, than that of resolute confidence in their own abilities. *Crede quod possis et potes*, was the cheery, soul-strengthening maxim which he had constantly on his lips, and which no pupil of his ever forgot. Imbued himself with the noblest views of life and duty, punctual, upright, conscientious and benevolent—and, more than all, a christian, humble and sincere;—his best endeavors, aims, and influence were of the moral kind. Without this, those pupils would never have turned out the men they were.

Of all the five hundred and twenty five boys who were here under Mr. Moody, only one individual is known to survive. This gentleman—Deacon JONATHAN PERLEY of Salem—a native of Byfield, and member of the School during the last year or two of Master Moody's stay—says he well remembers the old gentleman's appearance, as he sat in his desk, in a loose, large-sleeved woolen gown, and with a tasseled cap on his head.\*

I can allude—and only allude to a few of the most prominent names in the roll of Master Moody's pupils. I have already mentioned THEOPHILUS PARSONS and RUFUS KING. They stand indeed at the head of the list—the men of whom Moody was with reason most proud. Yet how unlike:—the latter, able, showy, ambitious—powerful in the Senate—skillful in diplomacy—and as much at his ease in the drawing rooms of Princes, as when he was playing with his comrades on this school-green—plunging foremost of the divers from Thurlow's Bridge—or sitting and chatting at old Deacon Hale's long table. Parsons, with a power of intellect and stores of knowledge which made him appear like a colossus among pigmies, yet seemingly unconscious of it all—looking with contempt on popular favor, and indifferent even to fame—sternly just—implicitly obedient to the voice of duty—and wholly unconcerned as to the color, quality, and condition of his wardrobe.

\*Mr. Perley was sitting on the platform, and at the Speaker's request, rose and stood for a moment. The exemplary and venerable old man survived the Centennial occasion only a few weeks. He was 85 years old.



Mr. King left Byfield for college in '74, and removed from Newburyport to New York in '88. Some twenty years after this a handsome coach drawn by four fine horses was seen to stop in the road opposite Deacon Hale's,—a portly gentleman followed by two or three young ladies sprang from the vehicle, came quickly to the house, the door of which stood open—went directly up stairs, and somewhere on the wood, or on the lead, pointed to the name "Rufus King," cut there by his own hand nearly forty years before.

The pronunciation of Latin words according to the rules of quantity was one of the points which Moody enforced with great strictness. Sometimes, in later years, when Parsons was on the Bench, and some lawyer misplaced the accent in his Latin quotation, the Judge would lean forward and whisper to the Reporter (Mr. Tyng) "This brother of ours did not learn his Latin under Master Moody."

Professors PEARSON, WEBBER and SMITH were all of them natives of Byfield. In their efforts for an education, the advent and presence of Dummer School was undoubtedly the moving cause. For what those eminent men achieved in behalf of good learning, at Andover, in Cambridge, and at Hanover, how much was due to their incomparable instructor here!

The distinguished lawyer WILLIAM PRESCOTT and Chief Justice SAMUEL SEWALL were fitted for College here; so also were Judge SAMUEL TENNEY of Exeter, and NATHANIEL GORHAM, who became President of Congress.

From a host of other men who rose to distinction in civil and political life, I take only the name of SAMUEL PHILLIPS of Andover:—not for the positions of trust and honor which he held with so much credit to himself and advantage to the community,—but for his agency in establishing those two noble institutions, Phillips (Exeter) and Phillips (Andover) Academies. The funds came indeed from his father and his uncle—but it was wealth which would have descended to himself. He not only consented to the investment, but advised and urged it—an example of disinterestedness which has seldom been equalled in our selfish world. We rejoice in the prosperity of these great schools. But, is it certain that they owe nothing:—is it certain that they do not owe everything to Gov. Dummer and Master Moody,



The list of Moody's pupils contains one titled name. DAVID OCHTERLONY, born about 1757, was a Boston lad of respectable family. But the Ochterlonys in our dispute with England, adhered to the royal side, and expatriation was the necessary consequence. They probably left Massachusetts, when the British army took its final departure, and they never returned. David soon made his way to the banks of the Ganges, and engaged in the military service of the East India Company. The time was auspicious, the field of action most favorable for young men of talent and ambition. In those numerous marches, battles, sieges, and conquests, by which a Company of merchants won for England her vast Asiatic empire, Ochterlony soon became distinguished, and rose from the grade of simple lieutenant, to that of Major General. In due time, he was rewarded with the honor of Knighthood—admitted to the Order of the Bath—and advanced to positions of high civil and military command. Among the great men who rose from obscurity to eminence in the East India service, SIR DAVID OCHTERLONY seems to have been one of the very few who passed unspoiled through the perilous trial of sudden prosperity and irresponsible power. *His* name, at least, is not found among the oppressors of "trampled Hindostan." There is the best reason to believe that he was not more respected for the great ability with which he discharged every civic, military, and diplomatic trust, than for the generosity and nobleness of his character. A stately monument in the vicinity of Calcutta still proclaims the admiration and gratitude, with which Hindoos as well as Englishmen regarded a Boston boy, who laid, perhaps, the firm foundation of his virtues and fame on this spot, and under the teachings of our Master Moody.

Ochterlony was not the only military man who formerly studied, and played, and, perhaps, fought a little, on this ground. Major ANDREW McCLARY fell on Bunker Hill, and Capt. FREDERICK FRY was an officer in the Army of the Revolution. No name in the traditions of the School is more famous than that of EDWARD PREBLE—the most gallant, perhaps, of all our early naval heroes. The story of his behavior in a position of apparent danger, is related in Sabine's Life of Preble, and was once familiarly known here. As characteristic of two very peculiar persons, I give it, as I used to hear it, though not exactly as told in Sparks'

**Biography.** You know that military titles in those days were much thought of, and always scrupulously applied. Mr. Moody generally dubbed his pupils with the prefixes borne by their fathers. Young Preble, whose sire was a Brigadier of considerable note, was falsely charged with some offence, of great atrocity in the Master's view, who, believing it true, seized the fire-shovel, a large flat-bladed implement of home-make, rushed rapidly to the place where Preble sat, and brought it down with great force and much show of passion, very near to the boy's head. Then, returning to his seat,—the look of anger all gone—he pleasantly said—"Boys, did you observe the Brigadier, when I struck? He never winked. He'll be a general yet."

Must I apologize for having dwelt so long on this first bright era and golden age of the academy? If our history has any lesson of special value to the present or to coming times, it is to be found, I believe, in the example just referred to. What higher aim in life, need any man propose to himself, than to perform a work like that which was done here in those early years of the School? In what other way can an influence be gained, so extensive, so potent, so salutary? When we see such men as Moody, and Fellenberg, and Arnold throwing their whole mind, and heart, and soul, into the work not of merely teaching, but of educating, strengthening, and refining youthful intellect and youthful affections,—thus breathing a new life and a loftier spirit into an entire generation of the young,—and then sending them forth like leaven into the great mass of the community, to raise, to sweeten, and to utilize it:—the spectacle is not merely beautiful and delightful—it partakes of the sublime.

Mr. Moody's resignation took effect on the 25th of March, 1790. On the ninth of the following month, the Rev. ISAAC SMITH was elected his successor. Mr. Smith was the son of a respectable Boston merchant of the same name, and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1767. Having prepared himself for the Christian ministry, he went to Europe—travelled extensively on the continent, and made a long stay in England, where he secured the friendship of Doctors Price, Kippis, Toulmin, and others—eminent men in their day—and with whom he long kept up a friendly correspondence. Returning, he was made (1774) tutor in Harvard College. But the eventful Spring of '75 brought to Cam-

bridge a good many persons who had no idea of engaging in the study of science, or the classics. When the college chapel and the students' dormitories were converted into officers' quarters and an army was camping on the college grounds, it is not strange that Tutor Smith thought it about time to leave.

It was little more than a month after the battle of Lexington when he sailed from Marblehead for England, in the vessel which carried over the Greenes and the Copleys, and other persons of note who did not incline to take part in the revolution. After a sojourn of several months in London, during which he was in habits of friendly intimacy with the Hutchinsons, the Sewals, and other distinguished loyalists then living there in exile, he went to Sidmouth, a little sea-side town in the County of Devon, and about ten miles from Exeter, where he was soon ordained minister of a small dissenting congregation. Of his associations and manner of life there, we get some idea from the letters and journal of his countryman and friend, Samuel Curwen. To enjoy the society of Mr. Smith, as well as to secure cheap board, Judge Curwen took up his abode at Sidmouth for a time—and afterwards lived in Exeter. During this period they were much together, and made several horseback excursions in company. The details of those rides—the aspect of the country—the objects of curiosity and interest which they saw—and the hospitalities which they received—were minutely jotted down at the time, and may be found in the pages of that amiable and interesting journalist. As we read the letters and the diary we come to the conclusion that Mr. Smith had a comfortable home in that rude village—that his parochial labors were light—that his social relations were agreeable—that his spirit was mild and tolerant—his creed broad and liberal. From other sources I have learned that he left there a name which was long remembered and mentioned with affection and respect.

Mr. Smith returned to his native land in the spring of 1784. In 1789, he was appointed Librarian at Cambridge, and while in that office prepared for the press the first printed catalogue of the College library.

After his election as Preceptor, a year elapsed before he entered on his work, and the school meanwhile was closed. This was the first of those long vacations which our Academy



has been, I may almost say, in the habit of taking, from that time to the present. This may be regarded as bringing into education, something similar to the old fallow system in agriculture—under which the ground was, at certain intervals, left untilled and unseeded for a time. Possibly, some may think that the dispersion of a school at the commencement of the idle term, is an evil, which can hardly be compensated by any gain to the fund from accumulated income. Indeed, I would not recommend the system to Exeter or to Andover—but our Academy has had, in this regard, some facilities not enjoyed by those popular schools.

The year of inter-regnum between Moody and Smith was devoted to repairs of the Mansion House and School-House—which I can well believe, they sorely needed. With what ceremonies of inauguration, or show of pupils, Mr. Smith began, on the 25th of March, 1791, I am unable to state. For a dozen years or more, the school was well attended. Its master was a learned, amiable, good man—as all acknowledged. Its reputation had long been high, and parents trained by Moody very naturally sent their sons to a school which had done so well for them. During the last decade of the 18th century and the first years of this century, Salem and Newburyport had much commercial intercourse with the West India Islands, and one consequence of it was, that many Creole boys were sent to Massachusetts for an education. Of these alien youth, Dummer Academy had its full share—principally from the islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe. For reasons, which will at once occur, these animal exotics from the torrid zone, could not be a very desirable class of pupils.

From various causes, the institution under Mr. Smith, soon became a very different thing from what it had been in its first and better days. From a purely classical school of the most decided character, and the best discipline, it degenerated into an easy, miscellaneous kind of establishment, where matters and things—not to say the boys themselves—went on pretty much in their own way. It was, I presume, soon evident to all careful observers, that Mr. Smith, however competent to give instruction, was deficient in those essential qualities, by which boys are impelled and controlled. In every considerable number of pupils, there will be some, who are not only willing but



desirous and determined to make the most of their time and opportunities. Such boys found in Isaac Smith a pleasant and profitable teacher. Not so with the idle, the roguish, and the vicious. These abused his easy, good nature—shirked their duties—and played all manner of tricks on the kind-hearted, unsuspecting old man. From persons who witnessed or perhaps even abetted those pleasing performances, I have heard stories, which made me laugh, I confess;—but never—let me say this in extenuation of my offence—never, without an indignant regret that the young rascals generally escaped the drubbing they so richly deserved.

In the latter years of Mr. Smith's stay here, the attendance was variable and small. During my own short connection with the school in the Autumn of 1808, we counted up, I think, not quite a dozen, and I need not say that we had plenty of room. One of my studies was Virgil. At stated times, the whole class, consisting of one pupil, went up for recitation to the Preceptor's desk. There he sat in his soft-cushioned, square-seated, round-backed arm chair, a short, nice, rubicund, but kindly and scholarly-looking old gentleman. As the recitation proceeded, you may well suppose that it was very gratifying to me to see how much confidence he had in his pupil. Gradually his large round eyes would close—his head would droop—and there would be every outward indication that he was taking a comfortable nap. Now and then, however, if the translation was not very bad, he would murmur a sleepy assent. And in fact I had reason to think that he followed me all along—for whenever I made an egregious blunder, it woke him instantly.

His good humor was sometimes pleasantly displayed, under circumstances that might have embarrassed other men. At one time, when his school had nearly reached the vanishing point, some person in a neighboring town innocently asked him how many pupils he had. Mr. Smith at once assumed a puzzled expression of face, as if engaged in a computation of some difficulty, and then with a double twist of the mouth and a prolonged utterance of the indefinite and conjectural adjective, replied—"I have s-o-m-e ONE."

Mr. Smith came to Byfield, a bachelor, well advanced. The idea of getting married had, perhaps, never occurred to

him. When here, however, with a house on his hands and boys to be taken care of, the desirableness of a female assistant became very apparent. Accordingly, he began to look around, and before long obtained, or thought he obtained, the consent of an estimable lady to become Mrs. Smith, and preside in the Mansion House. To prepare for this important change, he bought a small tenement, which he moved and set up on the farm for the use of the tenant—that important individual having thus far always lived in the Governor's mansion. He also made many improvements in the Mansion House and grounds, which he put into the nicest order and at his own expense. The object of this elaborate preparation, was, of course, known, and raised not a little, the expectations of the neighborhood. Whether he held any communication with the lady, while all this was going on, I cannot say. I only know that when every thing was ready—he went to fetch her—and came back without her. He never tried again.

The subject of the declining state of the Academy arrested the attention of the Board in the summer of 1807, and the report of a committee appointed to investigate the matter, suggested the probable reasons and proposed one or two very mild remedies. This seems to have been the only public action taken in regard to the depressed condition of the School. That something more had passed, of a private nature, may be inferred from the modest and touching communication of Mr. Smith, dated April 18, 1809, in which he resigned the post. That resignation was of course accepted, and acknowledged in a letter full of compliments and overflowing with good wishes.

Mr. Smith returned to Boston, where he served for many years as Chaplain of the Alms House. His declining days were made comfortable and happy by the kindness of friends and relatives, and for twenty years longer, he lived on—a man of singular purity, gentleness, and piety,—venerated and beloved by all who knew him. It was, I think, in the second year of my residence here, that he visited Byfield for the last time. I still recall with pleasure the opportunity then afforded me of showing the good old man how truly I esteemed and honored him. He died in 1829, at the age of eighty.

Among the youths who were here during the Preceptorship of Isaac Smith, many became highly useful and re-

spectable men, while a few rose to great eminence. One of his earliest and best scholars was PARKER CLEAVELAND, a Byfield boy. His interest in this favorite pupil followed him with letters of kind counsel through College, and of friendship afterward. In 1802, he invited Mr. Cleaveland, (then teaching that famous school in old York, which Moody had taught forty years before, and with a success not inferior to Moody's), to become his assistant here. This was declined, but in the following year, Mr. Cleaveland had charge of the Academy for six weeks in the absence of the Preceptor. I can add that Mr. Smith lived to see his pupil attain to a distinguished place in the ranks of science, with a reputation as teacher, lecturer, and author, not surpassed by any of his American contemporaries.

Smith had another pupil whose high praise it is to have stood for many a year at the head of his profession in Massachusetts, and whose presence to-day we may well regard as the crowning felicity and honor of this happy occasion. Need I pronounce the name of Dr. JAMES JACKSON?

Of the same period was PATRICK TRACY JACKSON—a name of renown in the commercial and manufacturing annals of our country,—a man who was not less eminent in the circles of business, than were his gifted brothers in their professions of medicine and law.

We find also among the pupils of Mr. Smith, the names of Judges Alfred Johnson of Maine and Eben. G. Bradford of Pennsylvania—of Professors George Otis of Cambridge and Thomas C. Searle of Hanover—of the Rev. Doctors Abijah Blanchard, Samuel Osgood, and John M. Bradford—of Moses and James Bowdoin Bradford, James Chute, Paul Couch, Paul Jewett, Henry C. Knight, Daniel Lovejoy, Joseph Merrill, Obadiah Parsons, and Nathaniel Todd, all Reverend men, and worthy, doubtless, though they did not reach the dignity of the Doctorate. Several other names belonging to this period have been mentioned, or will be mentioned elsewhere.

On the resignation of Mr. Smith, the Rev. JACOB ABBOT, of Hampton Falls, was elected Preceptor,—there being at the time a strong probability of his acceptance. His parishioners, however, finding that he was about to leave them, became suddenly sensible of his value, and refused to let him go.



In October, 1809, Dr. BENJAMIN ALLEN was appointed to the vacant place. He had been a Professor in Union College, and brought testimonials of the highest kind from President Nott, Chief Justice Kent, and others. A letter from John Thornton Kirkland and Joseph Stevens Buckminster introduced him to the Trustees. Dr. Allen entered on his work, December 6, 1809, and remained here somewhat less than two years. Uncommon power and success attended his stay, short as it was. Under his vigorous administration and thorough drill, the school was restored to something like its former glory. As an elementary teacher of the Latin and Greek languages, Dr. Allen has, probably, had few superiors. I have repeatedly conversed with good scholars, who had their first training under Dr. Allen. Their testimony was uniform;—thoroughness, unvarying thoroughness, being the characteristic on which they dwelt with peculiar emphasis. Dr. Allen made all his boys learn the Latin and Greek Grammar. There was no escape. The consequence was that they became complete masters of these interesting manuals. "I began," says one of his pupils, who has long been known as an able and popular teacher—"to translate Greek with Dr. Allen, and from the first lesson to the last, was obliged to learn every thing about every word of every lesson. The effect of his thoroughness was what every good scholar would expect. From thus getting a perfectly exact knowledge as far as I went, I learned to love Greek better than any other study, and have retained the affection to this day. The sufficient reason was, I made a better beginning in it, than in anything else, and *what* I learned, I learned better than I ever learned anything before."

I remember an agreeable drive which I took from Newburyport to Topsfield, one pleasant evening of September, 1811, in company with my townsman and friend, BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD. Though younger than he, I had got a little the start of him in one respect, being then on my way homeward from College, while he was going home from school. Our conversation, of course, turned on school and college, but Dr. Allen and his skill as a teacher formed the prominent theme. Whenever that came up, my companion was enthusiastic. A few years later, and Mr. Gould had himself become the most successful, the most distinguished



classical teacher in the country. For the revolution which he produced in the Boston Latin School, and for the impulse which he gave to classical learning among us, who can tell how much is due to Dr. Allen and Dummer Academy!

Nor was it to the boys only of Boston, that Dr. Allen rendered excellent service, when he was drilling his five and twenty lads upon this spot more than fifty years ago. That school for young ladies, which so long stood at the head of such institutions in our metropolis, and to which so many matronly women now look back with pleasant and grateful memories, was established and conducted by one who still acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Allen—and who, though entitled by long and honorable service to retire from the field—*miles emeritus*—is yet in the harness and working for the cause about as hard as ever.\*

Dr. Allen went from this place to Philadelphia, and a little later to Hyde Park on the Hudson, where he died several years ago.

His successor here was Dr. ABIEL ABBOT. This gentleman, on the score of heretical opinions, had just been ejected from his ministry in Connecticut, and his case had awakened interest and sympathy in this region. This circumstance may have turned attention to him in connection with the Academy, but he had claims to such consideration on far higher grounds.

Mr. Abbot had prepared for College at Andover, under Master Moody's distinguished and accurate pupil, Eliphalet Pearson, graduated at Cambridge in '87, taught, as Assistant, for two years in the Academy at Andover, and for one year as Tutor at Cambridge. When settled in the ministry he still kept up his classical reading, and that habit continued to the last day of his long life. As the head of a school Dr. Abbot was less efficient than his immediate predecessor, and considerably more amiable:—a man to be loved for his equanimity and kindness—a man to be respected for his ability and learning. From all that I have been able to gather respecting him, he was, like Mr. Smith, better fitted to carry forward the scholar already well grounded and anxious to

\*Mr. George B. Emerson who in 1863 was a highly efficient member of the Massachusetts Board of Education.





Old School House.

make progress, than to spur the indolent, or control the wayward. Though he was, perhaps, too gentle, too easy a man for such a place, I am not aware that his pupils ever took advantage of his good nature. My friend, the late Dr. BENJAMIN HALE, formerly Professor at Hanover, and for many years President of the College at Geneva, N. Y., and whom, until within a few weeks, I hoped to meet upon this occasion—has often told me of the pleasant and profitable days which he passed with Mr. Abbot, while reading some of the advanced studies in a College course.

But I must leave the farther consideration and illustration of that gentleman's excellencies, to such persons as Judge Tenney, Hon. Allen W. Dodge, Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot, or to the Rev. Doctors John Paine Cleaveland and Joseph Huntington Jones—all of whom, if I mistake not, were pupils of Dr. Abbot, and all highly competent to speak for him as well as for themselves.

Dr. Abbot was here about eight years, with an attendance which was never large, and which, towards the close, became very small. He returned to the ministry, and officiated many years. Down to his decease, at the age of 93. his intellect and affections remained unimpaired.

Soon after the resignation of Mr. Abbot, which took effect in the spring of 1819, the Trustees made choice of Mr. SAMUEL ADAMS. This gentleman was a native of New Rowley. After getting his degree at Harvard in 1806, he opened a private school in Salem, where he taught for a number of years with good success. Returning to Rowley with his accumulated earnings, he built a house, married, and went into the shoe-manufacture—a business which has since built up the thriving village of Georgetown. He was beginning to be known and valued as a man of education and general capacity, and, when appointed Preceptor of this Academy, was a member elect of the Massachusetts Senate.

When Mr. Abbot left, the school room was again shut up, and remained closed for a whole year. During this period of repose, the present academic building was erected and finished. The fact that the school was to re-open under circumstances so favorable, became generally known and attracted considerable attention. On the eleventh of April, 1820, when Mr. Adams began his work here, he had the same number of pupils as Master Moody at his outset 57 years



before. In the course of the year this number rose, I think, to nearly or quite 50. Mr. Adams was in poor health when he came, and the arduous duties and anxieties of so large a school, hastened, probably, the progress of disease. He had scarcely entered on his second year, when it became evident to himself and to all, that his malady threatened an early and fatal termination. He resigned in August, but consented to retain the office six weeks longer. At the close of vacation he was unable to return, and died in Dorchester, in the autumn of 1821, at the house of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Codman.

Mr. Adams was a man of considerable ability—a fair scholar—by taste and habit better qualified for the English than for the classical department—methodical and practical rather than literary. He was a good disciplinarian—an upright man of a truly religious spirit—respected by his pupils, but, I think, not largely gifted with that peculiar power which stimulates the mind and gains the heart of youth. Whatever of geniality might be lacking in him, was more than made up to those students who were members of his family, by the sympathizing kindness of his gentle partner. And in this connection let me say, and appeal for proof to many within hearing, that Mrs. Adams was not the only one, who, occupying here the same position of arduous responsibility, has so endeared herself to those who came under her care, as to leave on their minds the imperishable traces of gratitude and affection.

I received notice of my appointment early in October, 1821, and a few days later took charge of the Academy. The school, then in the middle of a term, consisted of about twenty five boys, and was under the care of Mr. Taylor G. Worcester, who had been acting as Assistant to Mr. Adams. I found here a bright, pleasant set of scholars, which soon increased. Severe as the season was, I still recall with pleasure my first winter here. With five years of experience as an instructor in schools and in College, the cares and duties of teaching were not new to me. But the position brought other cares and unwonted responsibilities. My appointment had been accompanied with a special request of the Trustees that I should have a family, and open the Mansion-House to as many of my pupils as it would accommodate. It was an arrangement, which, in the paucity of board-

ing houses, seemed almost essential to the prosperity of the school. But with it, of necessity, came also a large, additional care. Fortunate the teacher, who can dismiss his solicitudes when he dismisses his school. Far otherwise the case with him who must look after and provide for his pupils by night as well as by day. Such oversight was mine for more than fifteen years. With a house full of lively boys to restrain and to regulate, I had, as you will readily believe, but little time for play. Always confining, often inconvenient, sometimes annoying, the arrangement certainly was. But it had its advantages. It brought me into closer relations with the youth of my charge, and gave me better opportunities of acquaintance and of influence than I could otherwise have had. It promoted the general prosperity of the school, for many attended it who would have come on no other condition.

Can I forget to mention here that this domestic care was shared and lightened by one whose ever-watchful oversight and unvarying kindness are yet gratefully remembered, as I have reason to know, by some, at least, who look back to boy-days in the old Mansion-House—one, whose gentle memory still endears to me, and will ever endear these quiet shades?

Notwithstanding the celibate precedents of Masters Moody and Smith, I would advise the present occupant, and every bachelor incumbent in the future, to have a family of his own, where he can have some part of his charge under domestic watch and ward. The arrangement will inspire confidence and attract pupils from abroad, while it will prove a source of power and usefulness at home. Nor is this all. In a spot so retired and so exempt from the excitements of life—amid a community uncommonly sparse and not eminently social,—the Principal of Dummer Academy should have a home that will keep him busy and happy, if he would drive far away the surly demon of discontent.

It was during my first summer here, that the *Society of the Sons of Dummer Academy* was founded. Mr. DUDLEY ATKINS TYNG, after many years of residence in Boston and in Cambridge, had retired from public service, and was spending the evening of his day where its morning rose. A pupil and admirer of Moody, he felt a warm interest in the Academy, and to his prompting and exertions the association just named owed its existence. Its first meeting, June 22, 1822, was held in Newburyport, and consisted of the

following gentlemen: Dudley Atkins Tyng, Oliver Prescott, Nathan Noyes, Jacob Gerrish, Jonathan G. Johnson and Eleazer Johnson, Junior. At the second meeting, June 29, Jeremiah Nelson, Edward Sprague Rand, and Alfred Pike were present, and, with those first named, deserve to be held in honored remembrance as the founders of the society. A preamble adopted at this meeting thus announces the design of the projectors:

"The objects of this institution, besides the cultivation of friendly intercourse and social affections amongst its members, are to promote and extend the usefulness and reputation of the Academy; to excite a laudable emulation in the pupils for the time being, by the distribution of honorary premiums among those who shall be distinguished by diligence in their studies, by conformity to the rules of the Academy and the directions of the Preceptor and other instructors, and by habitual decency and correctness in their general deportment; and, as the funds shall be competent, to make additions to the library and to procure such philosophical and astronomical instruments as may be thought useful and proper for the improvement of the pupils."

Of nearly one hundred members elected at the second meeting, more than half had been pupils of Master Moody. Of these, eight individuals constituted themselves *Patrons* of the Society by the required payment of fifty dollars each. These were William Prescott, William Ingalls, Patrick T. Jackson, David Moody, William Parsons, Gorham Parsons, Edward S. Rand and Daniel Sargent. Six became life-members, each paying twenty dollars, namely, John Bromfield, William Bartlett Jr., Benjamin A. Gould, Daniel N. Poor, Benjamin Poor and William Sawyer.

The fund thus raised, with the addition of annual payments from other members, enabled the society to offer prizes for meritorious conduct and scholarship. Dies were procured for two silver medals, with appropriate legends and devices.\* From this time, so long as I was connected with

\*The larger medal bore a profile figure of Governor Dummer and a wreath with the motto, "Ferat palmam qui meruit." The smaller medal had on its face the old Mansion House in relief, and for its legend, "Crede te posse et potes": Moody's favorite maxim with a variation. Vld. *Aeneidos* Lib. V. 231.



the Academy, the Society made annual awards of money, books or medals to the pupils whom I recommended as entitled to such distinction.

The regular meetings of this association were held at the Academy on the day of the annual examination. From 1822 to 1840, there were but two failures, and these were unavoidable. Since that time the society of the "Sons" has had only a spasmodic existence. Its convocations have been rare and irregular. Its appropriations have been for occasional and specific objects;—to defray, for instance, the cost of entertainments and the publication of catalogues. Within the last fifteen years there have been just three meetings. On these occasions, three or four old gentlemen assemble—have a little talk—re-elect the officers (if still living) and then the whole concern relapses into a state of tranquil hybernation. Fortunately the principal of its fund remains intact, and will be perfectly safe, so long as the venerable Treasurer of the Society and of the Academy shall continue to flourish in green old age.

Alumni of Dummer Academy! I commend this society to your attention and regards. Here is a medium already provided through which you can act. In its organization and its fund you have the nucleus of an institution, which needs only numbers and energy to make it highly influential and useful. Join it: its membership is open to all, and the terms of admission are easy. Join it, and give warmth, life and motion to the now torpid mass.

In the autumn of 1824, Mr. Tyng brought before the Trustees a plan for increasing the usefulness of the school by the creation of an agricultural department. A committee to whom the subject was referred, soon after reported that they had conferred with Trustees of the State Agricultural Society, who had expressed their willingness to undertake the establishment of an agricultural institution, on condition of receiving a long lease of the Academy lands, to be used as an experimental farm. No change was proposed in the existing school, unless to make it more strictly classical. Mr. Tyng, Judge Wilde and Dr. Nathan Noyes were commissioned to take charge of the negotiations and arrangements. For a while everything looked favorable, and the Trustees went so far as to give their tenant a three months' notice to quit.

But the officers of the State Society on more mature



consideration declined to co-operate in the measure except as individuals. A petition for aid was then presented to the State Legislature, which proved unsuccessful. Thus ended one of the many attempts which have been made to establish an agricultural school in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The agricultural project was, for some cause, unpopular in Byfield, and although no suggestion nor favorite of mine, was followed by an unpleasant state of feeling, which involved both me and the school. Though a source, for the time, of serious discomfort and of real injury, the cloud at length dispersed, and, thenceforward, my relations with this community were entirely harmonious. The school, after a temporary depression, more than recovered its previous prosperity, and went on, for years, without material variation.

The annals of such institutions, however important their current of events may seem, at the time, and especially to those who are immediately concerned, must ever be somewhat monotonous. The years, as they run on, do little more than to repeat themselves. There is the same stage,—the scenes enacted are substantially the same,—only the performers change. It is not strange, therefore, that I find, in the retrospect, but little that calls for commemoration on this occasion.

The attendance here during the period referred to, though small in comparison with more favored schools, was respectable for Dummer Academy. I well remember that, at first, I sometimes had fears lest the places of departing pupils should remain unfilled. But experience soon taught me the sources of supply, and gave me confidence in them. I saw that circumstances which I could not control had fixed the maximum of attendance, and felt 'well-content' when I reached, or came near it.

During the nineteen years of my continuance here, I was but twice away from my post—a month each time—which I employed in excursions south and west. Soon after I settled here, the Lyceum era, if I may so term it, began, and public lecturing, a thing hardly known before, gradually became a regular occupation. I found some variety, if nothing more, in occasional compliance with calls of this description. I remember, particularly, a short course of chemical lectures before the Newburyport Lyceum in the winter

and spring of 1830. They must have had some attractions, for the list of members rose, at once, from tens to hundreds, and compelled us to adjourn to one of the meeting-houses, in which I somewhat sacrilegiously appeared with my bottles and gases. To most of my large audience the principles and phenomena of chemical action, illustrated by experiment, were, I suppose, novel and exciting, and to this fact I attributed the popularity of those lectures. If really worth but little, as I am ready to concede, they cost the good people who flocked to hear them, literally nothing beyond the expense of the chemicals. Such was the usage of those days. The lecturers of our time may truly say—"We have changed all that."

In 1836, I suggested to some of the Trustees the idea of erecting another dwelling-house on the Academy grounds;—partly to provide more accommodation for the boarding of pupils—but especially as a means of securing for the school a permanent Assistant. It was my belief—and I have seen no reason to change it—that an expenditure, to this end, of some \$2000 or \$3000 of the fund, which was then in good condition, would be a profitable investment for the Academy. The proposition was well received, but unfortunately it gave rise to visions of improvement and of greatness much too fine to be realized. They would reorganize the school. There should be an English Department and an English Teacher independent of and co-equal with the Classical. There would be some outlay at first—but the augmented expense would be more than met by the enlarged attendance which was to result from the new arrangement.

They did me the honor to ask my opinion of the plan. Years of experience and observation on the spot, had qualified me to form some estimate of the probable success of the project, and I felt sure that Dummer Academy had in store, no such future as imagination seemed to have spread before the eyes of those gentlemen. My doubts were not concealed. But it was decided that the experiment should go on. Accordingly, a new house was erected—the old mansion was altered and refitted—and a Teacher of good repute was put at the head of the English Department.

The Academy under its new organization went into operation in the autumn of 1837. But, notwithstanding that the change had been extensively promulgated by circulars

and advertisement, there was no increase in the attendance. Unhappily, this could not be said of the expenses, under which the fund was fast melting away. At the end of the third year the financial tendencies of the experiment had become decidedly alarming, and a Committee of the Trustees was directed to confer with the two instructors, and inquire whether *they* could suggest some remedy. I did not wait for the conference. As the shortest method of solving the problem, I sent in my resignation. The step was one which I could then take without reluctance and without great regret. Byfield had been a pleasant home, but I had lived there long enough. The ill-judged alteration in the constitution of the Academy had spoiled it for me, and I was rather thankful than otherwise for a decent pretext to retire.

Need I say that it is with conflicting emotions of satisfaction and regret that I recall and retrace my life and labor here? Can you doubt that in imitation of other foolish people, I have often wished I could live over again that middle portion of my years,—guided by the light of a larger experience, and aided by a calmer and riper judgment? If in the matter of training and instruction, especially in the department of classical study, I accomplished much less than I would gladly have accomplished, let the miscellaneous character of the school not be forgotten. There are, I presume, some here who know how difficult it is to make classical instruction thoroughly successful, in an institution where there are no fixed times or qualifications of admission,—where the classes are necessarily numerous—the number of teachers small—and the branches which *must* be taught, many and various.

But, after all, in the actual working of affairs, it happily turns out that most of us *do* better than we *know*. Whatever of error or of deficiency there may have been in my administration of Dummer School,—and I am conscious that it was liable in both articles of the impeachment,—still I was not without evidence at the time, nor have I been without frequent and gratifying manifestations since, that my time and efforts were not all misspent:—a consolation for which I am not ungrateful.\*

\*I certainly should seem ungrateful, were I to make no mention of one special expression of regard. Eight years after I left Byfield,



Mr. PHINEAS NICHOLS, who was the first and only head of the English Department, had been, for several years, a successful teacher in one of the public schools of Portsmouth, N. H. He brought with him a pleasant family and made the old Mansion House a good home for the boys. In the discharge of duty he was assiduous and faithful—as a man, he was amiable, discreet, and practical. His administration of the English Department, was, so far as I know, satisfactory to the Board. Mr. Nichols remained in Byfield until the autumn of 1842, his position during the latter part of the time, being that of Assistant only. The experiment having, at that time, reached the stage of total collapse, he returned to Portsmouth, and again took charge of a public school. As a teacher, as a citizen, and as a municipal officer, he stood high in that community, and his sudden death, hardly one month ago, called forth a general expression of regret.

It was to me a pleasant circumstance that my immediate successor in office here—Rev. FREDERIC A. ADAMS—had been my pupil and my assistant—and that I knew him to possess abilities and scholarship of a high order. Mr. Adams, after his graduation at Hanover, had taught school in Washington, had been a Tutor of Dartmouth, and, when called to the Preceptorship, was a settled minister in Amherst, N. H. Considerations partly of health, and partly, perhaps, of taste and temperament, inclined him to resume the vocation of teacher. The Academy, when he came, was still laboring under its self-imposed burden, and although that soon dropped off from general weakness, the weakness itself remained. At the time of re-organization, the Trustees

I received at my home in New York, an invitation to attend a meeting of my former pupils. I found them assembled in our old school-room, and received a cordial greeting. Addresses and a presentation followed, and then came dinner with toasts and speeches. It was truly a re-union of the most agreeable kind—an occasion cheering to me, and, so far as I could perceive, pleasant to all. I could never forget that day and those young men, even if I had not a constant reminder in the valuable token of their regard which I then received. An account of the proceedings, with Mr. Northend's speech and extracts from the reply, was given in the Boston Daily Advertiser, September 23, 1847.



had imposed a partial tuition-fee upon scholars from Byfield, who had always gone free. The change produced no little excitement among the parishioners, who resented it as an unjust withdrawal of rights which were theirs originally, and which had been confined by long prescriptive usage. The angry and resentful feelings which were thus awakened in the very neighborhood of the Academy, undoubtedly injured its interests, and increased the difficulties of the experiment. After several months of excited remonstrance and warm discussion, this little quarrel between the Parish and the Trust, was compromised and nominally settled, but years elapsed, before its unfavorable influences ceased to operate on the school.

Notwithstanding the untoward circumstances I have mentioned, the Academy, during the greater part of Mr. Adams' continuance, was well attended; its instruction in every branch was comprehensive and thorough; and its discipline, though mild, was efficient. That his services as a teacher here were exceedingly valuable, and generally acceptable not only to the Trustees, but to his pupils and their parents, I have every reason to believe. Nor may I omit to mention how much this silent neighborhood was enlivened and improved when the Principal's New House became the home of an intelligent and sprightly circle—a centre, at once, of attraction and of radiance. After a stay here of six and a half years, Mr. Adams removed to Orange, N. J., then a small village—now a populous and thriving community—where his excellence as a teacher is well known and highly appreciated.

To the post made vacant by Mr. Adams' somewhat sudden departure, the Trustees promoted one of their own number. The Rev. HENRY DURANT was a graduate of Yale, where afterwards, as Tutor, he had for colleague and intimate friend, the now celebrated Horace Bushnell. When appointed Principal of Dummer Academy he was and had been, for years, the minister of Byfield. This connection was soon after dissolved. He had charge of the school for about two years, and I remember to have heard, with pain, that he was not altogether successful or happy in his position here. I can only say, if intellect and scholarship, a refined taste and great amiability are all that a teacher needs, Mr. Durant should have made a capital "Preceptor." He, subsequently,

became a manufacturer, and, failing in this, went to California. At Oakland, across the Bay from San Francisco, he soon opened a school for boys, and was prospered. That school proved to be the seminal point of a more important institution, the College of California, since established at Oaklands, and fast rising into notice and usefulness. As the first President of her first collegiate institution, and as one of the most efficient of its founders, California may well honor the name of Henry Durant.

Next in the list of our Preceptors comes the Rev. ARIEL P. CHUTE. This gentleman, whom I knew and valued as a pupil, is a native of Byfield, and a graduate of Bowdoin. He is a Congregational clergyman, and had been settled several times before he was made Principal of Dummer Academy. His tastes, if I mistake not, incline him to physical science rather than to classical learning, and this circumstance probably influenced the course of instruction and study, during his incumbency. To mineralogy, he had given special attention, having made a large and valuable collection of specimens for the illustration of that branch. His pupils here enjoyed the privilege of this cabinet. At the end of the second year, Mr. Chute went back to the ministry for a time—but now holds an office in the Boston Custom House.

The Rev. MARSHALL HENSHAW, who came after Mr. Chute, was born in Pennsylvania, graduated at Amherst, where he was afterwards a tutor, and prepared for the ministry in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Precluded from the pulpit by want of health, he became a teacher, and had been in charge of Hopkins Academy in Hadley, and of Pinkerton Academy in Derry, when he was invited to Byfield. At no time, probably, has the school been more ably taught and managed, than during the seven years of Mr. Henshaw's stay. His pupils were quite as numerous as one man could well attend to, and in mental power were above the common average. It is almost needless to say that the results of his labors were in the highest degree satisfactory to all parties concerned. The Trustees appreciated his value, and with a view to his contentment and permanency, made some special, though wholly unavailing efforts to place their resources on a better footing. Mr. Gould, in particular, evinced his high estimate of Mr. Henshaw's services by constant encouragement and aid, and by a liberal, though con-

ditional offer towards an increase of the Academy fund.\* In the midst of all this, Mr. Henshaw was invited to a Professorship in Rutgers' College, New Jersey, and felt it his duty to accept. After three years given to College duties in New Brunswick, he has just taken charge of the Williston Seminary at East Hampton, one of the largest and most flourishing institutions of the kind in Massachusetts.

Mr. JOHN S. PARSONS had been employed as a teacher in the State of New York, for some time before he assumed the care of Dummer Academy. He had been here but little more than a year, when a short sickness removed him from the scene. What he would have accomplished had he been longer spared, we can only conjecture. He was here long enough, however, to make a very pleasant impression, and to leave a respected name. It is somewhat remarkable that of thirteen individuals who have been Principals of Dummer Academy during the century, Mr. Parsons alone died in office.\*\*

The first Trustees of Dummer School, named, as already mentioned, in the Will, were the Rev. CHARLES CHAUNCEY and THOMAS FOXCROFT of Boston, and Mr. NATHANIEL DUMMER of Byfield. The first and almost the only duty which was devoted to these Feoffees, consisted in erecting a building for the school. Of that work, in the first instance, Mr. Dummer had undoubtedly the charge. The construction of the second school house must have been authorized by them, but under whose agency it was accomplished, is un-

\*Mr. Gould offered \$2500 on condition that additional subscriptions should bring the sum up to \$10,000. His partner and friend, Edward S. Moseley, Esq., subscribed \$1,000, subject to the same condition—and here the generous movement stopped.

\*\*Mr. Samuel Adams resigned a few months before his death. I may add here that Mr. Solon Albee was elected Principal soon after the death of Mr. Parsons, and resigned early in the present year, (1864). The present incumbent, Mr. Edgar L. Foster, is quite a young man,—but time will be mending that fault every day. So far as I can learn he makes a very favorable impression. Let him work on in patience and in hope, and he cannot fail of success.—Post-script, November, 1864. I have just heard that Mr. Foster has resigned and the school is again closed. My exhortation fails in this case—but I let it stand. It may do for the next man.



known. After they had placed the school house, the mansion house and the farm in Mr. Moody's hands, there was, so far as we can see, nothing left for them to do. And this, perhaps, was fortunate, for Dummer and Foxcroft were far advanced in years, and Chauncy must have been too busy at home to have much leisure for the affairs of a distant school.

NATHANIEL DUMMER is mentioned as a relative in the Governor's will. He graduated at Harvard with James Bowdoin in the class of 1745. He died at his home in Newbury (Byfield) February 27, 1767, aged 82.

THOMAS FOXCROFT lived until 1769, his strength both of mind and body having been much impaired by sickness for several years before his death. He was minister of the First Church in Boston, for fifty-two years, admired as a preacher while his strength continued—an object of love and veneration to the end.

CHARLES CHAUNCY, the junior colleague of Foxcroft in the first Boston Church, ranked among the great men of his day. He was descended in the third degree from the second President of Harvard College. His grandfather, Isaac Chauncy had been associated with the renowned Isaac Watts in the ministry of the Berry Street Meeting in London. Mr. Chauncy was born in Boston—was settled while yet quite young—and soon rose into notice as a man of more than common ability and learning. An earnest and independent spirit marked his whole career. He long bore a conspicuous part in the polemic contests of his time, and when the revolutionary struggle came, threw himself with almost youthful ardor and courage into the cause of his country. Few men, among the patriots of that eventful period, stood higher in esteem and influence, than the Rev. Doctor Chauncy. Officially connected with Dummer School for a quarter of a century, he must have felt an interest in its welfare, and in some way, doubtless, made it manifest. He signed the petition for incorporation, and was named as a Trustee in the Act, but attended no meeting of the Board.

The names of JEREMIAH POWELL and WILLIAM POWELL were, I suppose, placed on the list of Charter members, partly, in least, in compliment to the memory of their distinguished relative—the Founder. So, probably, they regarded it. Jeremiah was chosen for the first President, and was re-elected the following year. But there is no reason for



thinking that either he or William ever attended a meeting of the Trust, or ever visited the school.

There were other and stronger reasons for placing on that list the name of JOSEPH WILLARD. To this preparatory institution, the College over which Willard presided with dignity and success, was then accustomed to look as among its best sources of supply. Though he attended no meeting of the Trustees,—being prevented, doubtless, by duties at home,—he could not be indifferent to the welfare of a school taught by his own early master, and generous benefactor. President Willard continued to be a Trustee until he died in 1804.

SAMUEL OSGOOD was a native of Andover, one of Moody's earliest pupils in Byfield, and a graduate of Harvard in 1770. Five years later he was acting as a member of the Board of War, and afterwards was on the staff of Gen. Artemus Ward. In 1781 he was a delegate to the National Congress. In 1785, that body made him First Commissioner of the Treasury, and, four years afterwards, he received from Washington the appointment of Post-Master-General. This able and useful public servant, resigned his trustee-ship in 1789, and died in New York (1803), being, at the time, Naval Officer of that port.

DUMMER JEWETT, another of the first fifteen, was a son of Jedediah Jewett, fifth minister of Rowley, whose wife was Elizabeth Dummer. He graduated at Harvard, 1752, and was a trader in Ipswich, where he died, 1788.

MOSES PARSONS, the excellent minister of Byfield, who had, probably, been more influential than any other man in securing the foundation of a school in his parish, as well as in the choice of its first master, died the year after it was incorporated. He was the first Secretary of the Trust.

BENJAMIN GREENLEAF, Probate Judge, son-in-law of Dr. Chauncy and father-in-law of Theophilus Parsons, was chosen President of the Board in 1784, attended nearly every meeting, and held the office till he died in 1799.

His successor in the Presidency was JONATHAN GREENLEAF, of the 'silver tongue,'—an equally punctual member, invariably present in his entire suit of drab, or of deep blue, set off by a wig, shoe-buckles, and cocked hat. Left a portionless child by his father's violent death, he had been apprenticed to Edward Presbury, a prosperous ship-builder, and,

in process of time, was heir not of his master's 'dexterity' only, but also 'of his house and his daughter's hand.' Rising to wealth and influence, he was called to represent his town and county in the State Councils, and his district in the Continental Congress. His trusteeship ended with his life in 1806.

The Rev. JOHN TUCKER of the First Parish in Newbury, who maintained so long and so bravely his Arminian citadel—sending forth, occasionally, a polemic bombshell charged with wit and satire,—was the first acting Secretary of the Trustees, and held that office seven years. Dr. Tucker died in 1792 after a ministry of almost fifty years.

The first Treasurer of the Corporation was NATHANIEL TRACY. His father, Patrick Tracy, had come from Ireland, a mere sailor lad, but found a genial home in Newburyport, where he rose to be a ship-master, a prosperous merchant, and a valued citizen. His son Nathaniel was long at the head of society in his native town. His spacious house on State Street, so long the home of a generous and elegant hospitality, is still pleasantly remembered as having been the transient resting-place of Washington and of La Fayette.\* Two daughters and a son of Mr. Tracy still live.

As Treasurer of the Academy, Mr. Tracy was succeeded by Dr. MICAHAH SAWYER, long a distinguished physician of Newburyport, who held that important position with great fidelity and advantage to the institution, from 1784 to 1809.

The Rev. THOMAS CARY, Mr. Lowell's successor in the 3rd Newbury Church, was a Trustee for 26 years, and his name occurs often in the record. Paralyzed as he was for a large portion of the time, it was impossible that he should take a very active part. His son, of the same name, was fitted at Dummer Academy, graduated 1797, and left his property to Harvard College.

RICHARD DUMMER, a Newbury farmer, and SAMUEL MOODY, the Preceptor, complete the roll of Charter members.

The earliest of the elected members were THEOPHILUS BRADBURY and THEOPHILUS PARSONS, both chosen in 1784. Mr. Bradbury was born in Newbury and settled in Fal-

\*It is gratifying to know that this venerable mansion is to be occupied henceforth by a public library, and that its sacred memories are no longer to be supplanted or disturbed by any of the baser uses.

mouth, the first lawyer admitted there. When that town was destroyed, he came back to Newburyport, went to Congress in 1796, was placed on the bench, 1797, and died, 1803. Theophilus Bradbury was a respectable man, but perhaps his greater honor consists in the fact that he was the first law-teacher of Theophilus Parsons.

Of Mr. PARSONS I have had occasion to speak elsewhere, and need add nothing here, except to say that he undoubtedly exercised an efficient and useful influence in the concerns of the School, before as well as after he became a Trustee. He continued in the Board as long as he lived.

Deacon JOSEPH HALE had thirty-one years of service as a Trustee. In all matters connected with the farm, the Board seems to have relied much upon him. The building of the present large barn was intrusted solely to his care. I cannot praise his architecture. But we must remember that he built at a time, when, through all this region, length seems to have been regarded as the all-important quality of a barn. Boys at the school in those days, many of whom boarded with Mr. Hale, had an idea that he was rather quick in temper, and severe in speech. If it were so, is it to be supposed that there was no provocation? If the whole truth could be known, who doubts that it was the Deacon who had most reason to complain?

Mr. WILLIAM COOMBS, a well known and highly respected merchant of Newbury, was long a faithful and useful Trustee.

To Judge EBENEZER MARCH, the fourth President of the Board, the Academy was largely indebted, for a service of more than twenty years. His agency in disposing of the half-township granted by the State, was exceedingly valuable.

For a term nearly as long, the list of Trustees was enriched and honored by the name of that great Grecian, JOHN SNELLING POPKIN. Of his fame as preacher, scholar, Tutor, Professor, and humorist, none but the youngest of those who hear me, need that I should say a word. From 1806 to 1815, when he left 'Old-town' for Cambridge, he generally attended the examinations of the Academy.\*

\* Old Newbury folks enjoy the following graphic touches, from Professor Lowell's late publication—"Fireside Travels." "Who that ever saw him can forget him in his old age, like a lusty winter,







MAJOR GENERAL SIR DAVID OGILBY, K. C. B.

IN NATHANIEL CARTER of Newburyport, the Board had for eighteen years one of its most useful and practical members.

EDWARD LITTLE, a son of the well known Col. Josiah Little, JOHN ADAMS, ENOCH SAWYER, and BENJAMIN COLMAN, all of Newbury, and the last three also pupils of Moody, were members of the Trust, and appear to have borne their full share in its transactions.

Mr. EBEN PARSONS was a Trustee and Vice-President from 1807 till his decease in 1819. This gentleman, an elder brother of the Chief Justice and a prosperous Boston merchant, has purchased a part of the old Dummer territory near the "Falls," which he cultivated and adorned with lavish hand. During the last years of his life, he made this place his home, and Dummer Academy became, more than ever, an object of regard. For several seasons the Trustees had a standing invitation to dine at the "Farm" on Examination Day. This was in Mr. Abbot's time, and after the fatigue of examining his ten or twelve boys, those generous dinners must have been very refreshing. In his records of the Trustee meetings, the venerable Secretary did not fail to make due and grateful mention of the entertainments referred to.

DANIEL APPLETON WHITE, elected in 1809, was then a citizen of Newburyport, and from that time until his resignation in 1819, was a constant attendant on the meetings of the Trustees. In almost every proceeding and committee of importance, we find his name, and it may well be doubted if any one more competent and useful has had a seat in that body. It is but yesterday, as it were, that this distinguished man passed from among us, full of years and of honors.

frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? He was a natural celibate, not dwelling 'like the fly in the heart of the apple,' but like a lonely bee rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. \* \* \* A thoroughly single man, single-minded, single-hearted, buttoning over his single heart a single-breasted surtout, and wearing always a hat of a single fashion,—did he in secret regard the dual number of his favorite language as a weakness? \* \* \* Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equably in him through a life of eighty-three years.

A number of attempts were made to enlist Salem talent and influence in the interest of this Academy. But whether Salem was too far off, or Byfield not sufficiently attractive, the enterprise met with only partial success. Of six individuals elected between 1810 and 1838, the most exemplary in his attendance was the learned and reverend Dr. JOHN PRINCE, who came, for several years, quite regularly. That able lawyer and distinguished philologist, Dr. JOHN PICKERING, attended one examination. His illustrious father, TIMOTHY PICKERING, presided in the Board at its annual meeting of 1820. The courtly Colonel BENJAMIN PICKMAN was present as a Trustee at three of my annual examinations, and the calm Judge SAMUEL PUTNAM at two of them. The eloquent advocate and statesman LEVERETT SALTONSTALL visited the Academy only once.

In 1821, when I took the charge, and during nearly the whole of my stay here, the combined offices of Secretary and Treasurer were held by the Rev. Dr. JOHN ANDREWS,—a Trustee for nearly fifty years. To no other man was the Academy indebted for so long, or so devoted a service. In fidelity to his trust, he was almost, if not altogether unparalleled. A man of stricter integrity never lived, and in punctuality he beat the sun—being generally some way ahead of the time. My quarter day, which began in October, came on the eleventh day of every third month—and, circumstanced as I then was, there was very little danger of my forgetting it. As early, however, as the 5th or 6th of the month, I usually received a note from the old gentleman, saying that he would be ready to pay me on the 11th. Not content with this, he would sometimes send me in the meanwhile, by Byfield men whom he intercepted on their way home, two or three oral messages, to the same effect. If, on the day, I failed to go down, as was occasionally the case, he seemed to be positively distressed. Of course, I felt bound in duty and honor to put him out of his misery as soon as possible. Yet, I must confess that his extreme promptness in this particular, was sometimes a little annoying. If we must regard as a failing this trait in his character, it certainly was one of those failings, which *lean* very decidedly *to virtue's side*. I think I see some good clergymen around me, who, Protestants as they are, would cheerfully accord to this sin a plenary indulgence.



The name of Dr. ELIJAH PARISH ranked among the celebrities of that day. Years before, he had gained considerable reputation as an author of geographical works, and of a History of New England, which was introduced into many of the common schools. It was, however, as an ardent, political preacher, that he was most widely known. The present generation can have only a faint conception of the intensity and bitterness which characterized the strife of parties, fifty or sixty years ago. While the boldness with which Dr. Parish attacked the administration and the dominant party was not pleasing to the Federalists, it was only natural that his unsparing and keen invective should draw upon himself much angry denunciation. But those days of deep feeling and angry passion had gone by, and seemed to be quite forgotten, at the time when I came to know the venerable Doctor as a neighbor, and pastor, and Trustee. In all the proceedings of the Board he had long borne an important part, and though less active, continued to be a member until 1825, the year of his death. A volume of his sermons was published soon after, with a short but discriminating sketch of the man from the pen of Leonard Withington. An engraving in the book gives some idea of the Doctor's look when uttering one of his sharp things.\*

Facts which I have already stated show the deep interest felt by Mr. DUDLEY ATKINS TYNG in the prosperity and usefulness of the Academy. His devotion to this object seemed to be truly filial, and continued unabated, until growing infirmity compelled him to resign in 1828. From my first coming here, he took me into his confidence and friendship. He knew how to allow for youth and inexperience. He was

\*In that great senatorial debate of 1830, which ended and culminated in the grandest speech of modern times, if not of all time, the South Carolina Senator, in his attack on New England, made large quotations from northern speakers and writers, stretching, as Webster expressed it, his "drag-net" "over the whole surface of perished pamphlets, indiscreet sermons, frothy paragraphs, and fuming popular addresses." In this "farrago" brought to Mr. Hayne by his northern scavenger and tender, and by him read to the Senate, some extracts from Dr. Parish's sermons made a conspicuous show. Carey, in his "Olive-branch," drew still more largely from the same source.



desirous that I should succeed, and he helped me to succeed. I recall with thankfulness his steadfast regard—his judicious counsel—his firm and generous advocacy. I still turn back to one gloomy time, when, but for his look and words of cheer, I should, perhaps, have quit the scene in discouragement and disgust. Amid the associations of this place and hour, it seems easy to recall the man,—his twinkling eye, his pleasant smile, his portly frame;—to drop in upon him as he sits reading or dozing by his winter fire—or, in summer, to find him by the door which opens into the garden, or under the old tree whose shade he loved, because it had been dear to others long before; or to sit with him again at that hospitable board, with its conservative traces of the olden manners—the pewter plate from which he always ate his dinner, and the silver tankard which stood by its side.

Not three miles distant from the Academy, upon his farm in Old-town, lived another aged Trustee, Mr. SILAS LITTLE. Mr. Little was a graduate of Hanover, and entered the pulpit, but wanted health to continue in the ministry. So he settled among his own people, who knew his ability and faithfulness, and always sent him to the Legislature, when they wished either to carry or to prevent any measure bearing on the interests of the old town which he loved. He was a man of much wisdom and of few words.

A very different person was my near neighbor, Mr. DANIEL HALE, a deacon, also, but more commonly known as 'Squire Hale.' To not a few of our alumni his name and remembered image must be still familiar. For some thirty years, Mr. Hale took boys to board, and many and sore were the trials which they brought him. I hope they long since repented of the pranks which tried the good man's temper, as he, I am sure, soon forgave and quite forgot them. This worthy and pious man died about twenty years ago.

I have pleasant recollections of Dr. OLIVER PRESCOTT, a respectable physician of Newburyport, and a nephew of him who, on Bunker Hill, first immortalized the name. Nor can I forget Dr. NATHAN NOYES, a man learned in and beyond his profession;—nor the Rev. JAMES MORSS of the Episcopal Church, whom the boys, not without awe, regarded as the most critical of all their supervising visitors.

Col. EBENEZER MOSELEY, a Connecticut man, and a graduate of Yale, was descended on one side from worthy

clergymen, and allied on the other to the family of Gov. Caleb Strong. He made his way by industry and talent, until he became the leading lawyer of Newburyport, and a prominent man in this part of the State. At the time I speak of, he was an active and influential Trustee. No name, perhaps, appears more frequently than his in the Academy record for those years. In 1834, Colonel Moseley, being then in the State Senate, revived the project of an agricultural school in connection with Dummer Academy. At his suggestion, an application was made to the Legislature, by the Board of Trust. Though presented under circumstances that seemed favorable, and though advocated, doubtless, with zeal and ability, the petition failed of success. Mr. Moseley resigned in 1839, having been President of the Board for some time, and a Trustee twenty-four years.

Conspicuous in that Board, as in all situations, was SAMUEL SUMNER WILDE—the great Judge—the noble-spirited man. Previously, when we both lived in Maine, I had made his acquaintance, and had learned to respect and admire him. For several years he was President of the Trustees, and one whom it was always pleasant to see at the Academy. That excellent, unassuming, practical merchant and statesman, JEREMIAH NELSON, who so long and so well represented this district in Congress, was, for thirteen years, a conscientious and useful Trustee. And, not unlike him, in modesty and worth, was another member—Mr. EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND—whom I rejoice to see among us to-day—and whose unvarying courtesy and kindness shown to a young man nearly forty years ago, can never be forgotten.\*

Mr. GORHAM PARSONS, Eben's only son and heir, was of the Trustees from 1826 to 1833. His interest in the Academy was not merely hereditary—for he had himself attended the school, while Moody was yet in his strength. After the farm became his, he was much and often in Byfield. For an unbroken series of kind attentions—begun when I first came, and continued until I left—I still recall gratefully the name of Gorham Parsons.

EBENEZER SHILLABER, an able lawyer and, for some time, Clerk of the Courts—who had been one of my college

\* Mr. Rand, who had been, for some time, in feeble health, survived the Centennial Celebration, only a few weeks.

friends, and whom I shall ever remember with mingled pleasure and pain—was a Trustee from 1826 to 1831.

To be the settled minister of Byfield Parish is to be a *quasi ex officio* Trustee of the Academy. Thus held office for seven years (1828-1835) the Rev. ISAAC R. BARBOUR. During the last quarter-century, this gentleman has been in business—speculating in mines, stocks, &c.—and not, I fear, always successful. His present home is on Staten Island, N. Y.

The Rev. LEONARD WITHINGTON came into the Board in 1831. This distinguished clergyman, whose genius and scholarship have so long been the admiration of all who know him, was, for seven years, an active and valuable member. He evinced his confidence by placing his sons in the school. His presence imparted life and spirit to our annual examinations. On him, with a discrimination that did his colleagues credit, was usually devolved the closing address. Many a man now in middle life must still remember those racy, off-hand talks, so full of wisdom and good sense—so entirely free from stereotyped cant and tiresome common-place. I will not believe that those seeds of truth and goodness all fell upon stony ground.

The Rev. THOMAS B. FOX was minister of the Unitarian Society in Newburyport, and became a Trustee in 1833. Though comparatively young, his zeal and activity soon made him a leading man in the Board, over which he presided for several years. To him, as I have always supposed, the Academy and the public are mainly indebted for the experimental project and double-headed arrangement of 1837. If so, he is justly entitled to a liberal share of whatever praise is due to that unfortunate enterprise. Since he left Newburyport Mr. Fox has lived in the vicinity of Boston, where he has been, I believe, a minister at large.

To the same period in the trusteeship belongs our genial friend Dr. JONATHAN G. JOHNSON. The Doctor had good right to be a Trustee, for he was one of Preceptor Smith's pupils, as long ago as 1803, 4, and, no doubt, witnessed some of the tricks which were played on that good man. Of course, he took no part in them, but I am afraid he laughed a little.

JOHN C. MARCH and HENRY DURANT:—these are names long associated in my mind, and which still come back together. Dissimilar in many respects—they were both gen-



flemen—both scholars—both kind-hearted. With them as Trustees, my relations and intercourse were uniformly cordial. Of Durant I have spoken already. Mr. March was cut off almost at the beginning of his career, and in the midst of usefulness.

After the sudden death of Mr. Nelson, who had just before assumed the duties of Secretary and Treasurer, the care of the books and funds was committed to Mr. EBENEZER HALE of Newbury. Mr. Hale held this office as long as he lived, and the Academy, favored as it has been in this respect, can point among its Treasurers to no better man.

The Rev. WILLARD HOLBROOK, a good man, then minister in Rowley, and Mr. N. W. KINSMAN, a lawyer of Newburyport, had seats in the Board during the last two years of my connection with the School.

The fact that this school has always depended in part for its support, on the rents and profits of a large farm, has made it necessary to provide for the management of that farm. Hence there have been always in the Board, a few farmers and men of business habits. To them it has belonged to see that the farm was properly leased, and judiciously cultivated, and to guard against abuse, neglect, and waste, by constant oversight and care of the land and the buildings. Among these,—the appointed Aediles of the Institution—have been some of the most valuable members of the Trust. I have already mentioned RICHARD DUMMER, JOHN ADAMS, SILAS LITTLE, and the HALES, both father and son. Mr. THOMAS GAGE, the historian of Rowley, and his brother-in-law, Mr. MOSES DOLE of Newbury, were men of excellent judgment and sterling sense. Colonel DANIEL ADAMS and Colonel JEREMIAH COLMAN, had they been born only fifty years later, would ere this, in all probability, have been at the head of regiments or of brigades, engaged, not in the boys' play of a military sham fight, but in all the grand and terrible realities of actual war. Col. Adams has been long and much in public life, and seems to be good for a number of years yet. In order of election he is the oldest member of the Trust—its acknowledged and venerable Patriarch. Col. Colman, who has been, for sixteen years, the faithful Treasurer of the Academy—seems to be one of those favored men over whom time has no power.\*

\* This gentleman was born in Byfield, and his ancestral line runs



Last named among those whom I knew as Trustees, but, by no means, least esteemed, is my former neighbor and my friend, Capt. DANIEL NOYES, who is still a member of the Board.

In bringing to a close this attempt at a history of the Academy—this series of biographical profiles—I shall not farther tax your powers of endurance by presenting here any conclusions of my own derived from the past, or any vaticinations in regard to the future. Enough has been given, I think, to show that the school, during its century of existence,—however intermittent, at times, the current of its life—has yet done much good work for the country and for mankind. We may regret its present depression. We may look doubtfully and anxiously on its prospects. But nothing can take from us the satisfaction of knowing that “the past, at least, is secure.”

Gentlemen, Alumni of Dummer School: with whatever of interest, or I should, perhaps, rather say, of patience, you have followed me,—I cannot but feel that other thoughts than those which I have presented have been uppermost in your minds and deepest in your hearts. Standing here once more on ground which is associated in memory with your boyish years and school-days, how could you think of anything else? By many before me, probably, these scenes are to-day re-visited for the first time. They to whom such experience is unknown, can, I suppose, but faintly imagine the rushing tide of thought and feeling, that sweeps over him, who, after many years of absence—a long life of prosperous or of checkered fortunes—looks again upon the school-room and play-place of his boyhood. Those quickened sensibilities—those gushes of delight and tenderness—those irrepressible sighs—are not unmanly, and need not be unprofitable. Such wisdom as we may, let us gather from

back to the first settlers of Newbury. Thomas Colman, the immigrant pioneer, lived upon ground still owned by the Colonel, or by his son.

Coffin, resting on English authorities, tells us that the name was originally “Coltman”—“that is one who had the care and management of horses.” Mr. Savage—a very great name in such matters—dis-sents from this derivation. But, if he knew the Colmans of today—as some of us know them—I think he would say, “Joshua must be right.”

them. It is not repining or querulous age which loves to recall the scenes of youth. It is not the selfish, hard, cold, worldly man, whose dim eye brightens when he thinks or speaks of youthful friends and school-boy joys. It is a good sign, therefore, if our feelings are quick and warm on such a day and in such a scene. But even this is not a theme to dwell on. Come then great minstrel of Rydal Mount, and give utterance to the emotions which I seem to see glistening in all these up-turned eyes.

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions; not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,  
 With new-born hope forever in his breast:—

Not for these I raise  
 My song of thanks and praise;

\* \* \* \* \*

But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
 Uphold us, cherish us, and make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
 Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy."





# THE PROCEEDINGS

IN

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

## One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary

JUNE, 1913



## The Anniversary Dinner in Boston

---

About seventy-five of the alumni of Dummer Academy met for a dinner at the City Club, Boston, Saturday evening, March 1, 1913, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the opening of the school.

John H. Morse, president of the Society of the Sons of Dummer, proved a very capable toastmaster, introducing as the speakers, Mr. Fred M. Ambrose, president of the Board of Trustees; Dr. C. S. Ingham, Master of the Academy; Mr. Frederick P. Cabot, treasurer of the Trustees; Joseph N. Dummer, Rowley; George H. Dole, Haverhill; Prof. Moses B. Perkins of Exeter; Hon. Alden P. White of Salem; Prof. James H. Ropes of Harvard, and William Sanders, an undergraduate, of Newburyport.

A toast was given to the honor of the founder of the Academy, Lieut.-Governor William Dummer, and a committee was instructed to place a large wreath on his tomb, which is located in the old Granary burying ground, but a few hundred feet from the City Club where the dinner was held.

The meeting was alive with the real school spirit, punctuated with cheers and applause. Ex-Mayor Rufus D. Adams of Salem and Ashley P. Nagle of the Dummer faculty, with Fred G. Kimball of Newburyport at the piano, led in the singing.

One of the speakers expressed the belief of all that "Never since Master Moody combined in his person such powers and effectiveness in many branches has the instruction and discipline been as good, as wide and effective as to-day. The masters are masters of their subjects and incidentally of the boys."

The dominant note emphasized again and again was that "Dummer should continue a classical preparatory school, doing its work better than any school doing the same sort of work."





## INTRODUCTION

---

The proceedings on the twelfth of August, 1863, when the Centennial of Dummer Academy was celebrated, and those of June, 1913, when the 150th Anniversary was observed, were much alike. It is true that in 1863 the sun shone in glorious splendor throughout the day, while the celebration in 1913 was threatened with lowering clouds and, at times, even by some drops of rain; but the enthusiasm which greeted the President of the day, Mr. J. H. Morse of Boston, in the Sesquicentennial Exercises was not diminished by the 50 years which had passed since his predecessor, the Hon. Judge Long of Salem, had welcomed "the Sons of Dummer and the Friends of Dummer" on the same spot.

Fifty years ago long speeches prevailed and one reads of the audience having been welcomed in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements "in a speech of considerable length", and that after a prayer had been offered, an ode and a hymn, written for the occasion, had been "well sung by a quartette choir from Newburyport", the address followed and "occupied two mortal hours"! After that the quartette sung another ode and the entire audience joined in singing the 78th Psalm, according to the metrical version of Dr. Isaac Watts, which runs:

1. Let children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
2. He bids us make our glories known,  
His works of pow'r and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
4. Thus shall they learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practice his commands.

Fifty years have changed many such customs; and for the better so far as the duration of oratory is concerned. The sum of all the speeches, both at the dinner and previous to the dinner, in 1913 employed little more than half the number of words used by Mr. Cleaveland alone in 1863. But while dissimilarity appears through comparing the length of the proceedings, the character of the proceedings at these two celebrations was similar. The Officers, Students and Friends of the Academy assembled on the familiar Campus and wandered enthusiastically through the buildings until the appointed hour arrived for the formal exercises. These over, all present repaired to a huge tent where dinner was partaken. No more than a "simple enumeration" has been preserved of the speeches delivered at the 100th anniversary, but what was said on June 9th, 1913, may be read below.



The R.W.B. Jackson  
Library  
OISE





COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE.



## THE 150<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

---

The Society of the Sons of Dummer held a meeting at 10.30 in the Parsons' School House, at which the following officers were elected:

President, John Hamilton Morse.

Vice-President, Dr. Frederick Johnson.

Secretary, Joseph N. Dummer.

Treasurer, Willis N. Chapman.

The exercises began with the award of prizes and certificates on a platform which had been erected between the Mansion House and The Commons.

Master Ingham opened the proceedings by bidding all welcome and then called on those who had gained prizes to come forward and receive them.

The prizes for the Ambrose Speaking Contest were presented by the donor, Mr. Fred M. Ambrose (President of the Board of Trustees). First prize, \$25 in gold, to Roger Brooke Coulter of Sandy Spring, Maryland. Second prize, \$15 in gold, to Paul Gerry De Rosay of Dorchester, Massachusetts. Third prize, \$10 in gold, to Willard Straus Kohn of New York City.

The Moody Kent Prizes, which were originally in the form of silver medals, but are now given in \$10 gold pieces, were awarded as follows:

Mathematics, Paul Gerry De Rosay of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Classics, Fred Jewett Tapley of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

English, Roger Brooke Coulter of Sandy Spring, Maryland.

Modern Languages, Harry Thomas Cutter of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

History, Benjamin Pearson VII of Byfield, Massachusetts.

The Special Prize of \$10 in gold which is given each year to the student who most faithfully and punctually performs his duty and manifests the most cheerful obedience to the spirit of authority during the entire year, was awarded to Ward Holman Loud of New York City, with honorable mention to John Yesair of Byfield, Massachusetts. And the flag which, after adorning the flag-staff at the Academy for a year, is given annually to one of the graduating class by the Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse, a member of the Board of Trustees, in memory of his ancestor, Anthony Morse, was presented by the donor to Roger Brooke Coulter of Sandy Spring, Maryland.

In presenting the diplomas, Master Ingham said: "In college at the close of one's course, men graduate with various degrees of excellence as shown by certain letters, certain marks recording their standard of performance. There is 'suma cum laude', for instance. It seems appropriate, however, that when a man finishes his school course and goes on to the different branch of work after a long course, that he should in any case receive a recognition for the work he has done, and so we award to-day diplomas and certificates to those who are completing their course with us this morning..

"As I call your names, you will come upon the platform. Roger Brooke Coulter, Anthony Poto, Everett Trask, Perry Miller.

"These particular pieces of parchment contain your names and the record of our approval of the work which you have completed, and as you go from us, you may be assured you bear with you the same interest, in increased measure, that you had when you were here. Graduation is nothing but a step, and one is never through with the preparation for the work that life brings, because each day brings new duties and each day calls for more and added preparation to meet them.

"I leave with you this one word, as we turn to the further features of the day, that to be true is to be thorough, it is the power of facing your problems, it is success in what is attempted. It is always your responsibility, which we can only partly assure, to make this a record year, and as

you go from us, one worthy to be recorded upon the scrolls of parchment. You may not become what the world calls great, but you can always be true, and you can be faithful to the best that you know, and if you perform your life work in that way, you may know that so far as you are concerned, you have done what you could do to bring on the beginning of the golden age; you have helped the work of this world as you were bound to do."

Shortly after 11.30 the company assembled before the platform already mentioned and Mr. John Hamilton Morse, the presiding officer of the day, introduced the Rev. T. Franklin Waters of Ipswich, who offered prayer.

Mr. Morse then said: "Sons of Dummer and Friends of Dummer: It is a pride and pleasure for those of us, who have been long interested in the fortunes of Dummer Academy to give you greeting here to-day and to return to you the thanks, which are your due for the interest which your presence shows.

"Dummer Academy has a long, proud history, rich in attainment and service to this community and in which this community justly rejoices to-day.

"You will, I know, pardon an expression of my sorrow, that so very many of those who were alert in service at the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary are now beyond our recall, loyal sons, all, generous, and devoted in their interest. In our annals, their deeds of service 'are deeds which should not pass away and their names are names which must not wither.'

"That we are here is a sure sign, that they builded better than they knew from the first prevision more than one hundred and sixty years ago, in the mind, and I may add, the will of our great founder, great in all that makes up a rounded character and a rounded life; through the line of great masters, Moody, Cleaveland and the greater than all thereafter, who stamped their powerful purpose for service, and sent it forth, the bread upon the waters, to return an hundred-fold in the great and growing interest of the larger community in the fortunes of the Academy of to-day.

"It is idle to assert that there are no dark spots on this sun of ours. We have lived through good and through crucial times. But the fires have refined our gold and our institution, endowed with a rarely beautiful location, a good



plant and a strong faculty goes forward with confident hope to take its place among the great preparatory schools of the country, its by primal right.

"Our Academy, at its beginning, nurtured and sent forth the founder of Phillips Academy at Andover. His generous spirit filled the minds of the graduates of that institution to whom, we often turned for counsel, and for aid, and never in vain. We found there, a graduate, a stranger in interest, who in his large-hearted way made our interests, his interests, and served us, as counsellor and trustee and then, as President of the Board. We turn to him in our hour of joy, James Hardy Ropes of Phillips Academy, Andover, and of Harvard University."

The next speaker was Professor James Hardy Ropes, who said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I am interested in Dummer partly because I am a graduate of the two institutions which have had the most intimate connection and the longest relations with this academy. As Mr. Morse has said, the founder of Phillips Andover and its first Principal, Eliphalet Pearson, were both educated here and must have conceived here the purpose which they were able to carry out through the generosity of Samuel Phillips's father, and of the son himself, who relinquished a great part of his inheritance for the sake of that institution.

"The relations between Harvard College and Dummer Academy have been long and intimate. For many years Harvard College and Dummer and Phillips Academies were the only three incorporated institutions in the commonwealth, and they are referred to together in many ancient acts of the General Court. Harvard College had for years the closest connection with Dummer Academy; the earliest of the Academy's teachers came from Harvard; and Harvard was given certain rights in connection with the Academy which, in part, still exist.

"I remember well, while I had the honor of being a trustee of this Academy, a visit to President Eliot to ask that he relax certain of these rights in order that certain financial arrangements might be made. At that time the finances of the school were not in a very encouraging condition and when Dr. Eliot demurred I told him that the rights were not likely to realize much in case the Academy



had to be, as one might say, liquidated. But the rights still exist. The President of Harvard College used regularly to be a trustee of Dummer and there was a time when the privilege was claimed as a right.

"These relations were natural, for Harvard College and Dummer Academy are the only two incorporated institutions of learning in the commonwealth founded well before the Revolution. They represent the older institutions established before it was known that the country was to become independent. Phillips Andover is representative of the early time of the foundation of the American nation, but Harvard College was founded at the very beginning of colonial life and Dummer Academy was established well within the colonial period.

"In the past years there have been many times when the outlook was dark, and it is a joy to see to-day this place with its strong structure and growth, and I may add, its fresh white paint.

"I congratulate you on the achievement of 150 years. After all the labor and pains you have produced a result worth while and one that it is necessary to continue and maintain.

"The one satisfying result of life for most people is to build their lives into permanent institutions. Names are forgotten, but our work will not have been in vain if we are able to make ourselves a part of the permanent structure of an institution such as Dummer Academy.

"In this day when one passes through the towns and sees on stores and offices names in which not even the letters of the alphabet in which they are written are known to him, he gets an idea of the significance of such an institution as Dummer Academy which may carry on the spirit of New England through all ages.

"If Dummer Academy can help do this it will be worth all the work, the interest and the money that can be expended upon it. There will be countless changes in New England, and it is institutions like this which enable us to look forward with confidence to the future, believing that that future will be built upon the foundations of the New England which we have known and which we love."

Master Ingham followed and said:

Mr. Chairman: It is recorded in the account of the celebration here 25 years ago, among other items, that "At this point the Master spoke briefly."

"My topic is the school, my intention is to follow precedent and to be brief. If I fail to do so, it will be due to the possibilities of my theme and the inspiration of this delightful audience.

"The course of history here may be compared to the course of a mountain brook that leaps forth from the spring among the hills. At first it goes singing and leaping down the mountains, then on lower levels, its speed slackens, its channel widens and is lost, it loses the sense of direction and purpose, but the primal impulse never quite lost, drives it on till, gaining strength as it goes, it at length reaches the swift flowing river and leaps to meet it. I would have you think of the school to-day as at the end of all hesitation as to her policy and work, entering with full assurance upon the stream of a broader, deeper life and wider service.

"Governor Dummer founded here a philanthropic institution in many senses, this in particular, that it cannot be a money-making institution, from its very nature. It must give to the student more than it receives from him, at least such has always been the case and I trust always will. When the full history of Dummer is written I venture to prophesy that the world will marvel at the amount of help given to deserving students without apparent resources or means for such work. What has been done in this line, is due to a little band of friends, never numerous but devoted, who have ever stood by and helped.

"In what I have to say to you I resolved not to use the word 'needs'; you all know that needs are the natural concomitant of growth, and that is enough. This, generally speaking, has not been a good year among private schools, but here at Dummer we have a growth in numbers of 15 per cent. and an increase in income from tuition of nearly 20 per cent. This brings our income and outgo very nearly to a balance. The perfect balance is, of course, the ideal of such an institution.

"This institution is not only philanthropic, but it is conservative. This is not an educational experiment station, a factory for the grinding out of graduates, but a school where we believe that the mastery of the elements and the

development of the power of thinking are of paramount importance. From its beginning the school has been a preparatory classical school, and such in large measure it will continue to be. It also prepares boys for a business career. We believe that the best preparation for college or for business must rest upon the same foundation, namely: ability to express one's self accurately, both orally and in writing, quickness and accuracy in the fundamental operations of mathematics. With that goes the training of mind, which enables the boy to face the problem of the moment and the training in judgment that tells him when he has solved it.

"On the practical side the teaching of crafts or trades, unless it rests upon this foundation, will not carry the boy beyond making a living, and making a living is but a small part of making a life. With this school training goes the constant instruction which leads a boy to establish and maintain right relations with his fellows and with his Maker.

"The school master is usually asked but four general questions. First, as to the number of students; second, their families; third, the standing of graduates in college; and fourth, questions pertaining to athletics. If these are answered satisfactorily the casual questioner goes away satisfied. There is a constant temptation to try and so order one's doings as to meet these questions with the answer desired, but the success or failure of a school, its value to society depends upon other and broader questions than these.

"A community has a right to insist that a school shall serve it in proportion to the outlay involved and the individual student of clean life and honest purpose has a right to expect that he will receive the same attention that the brilliant student, and much more than the brilliant athlete, receives. The school should say to every one who enters her doors, 'You amount to something.' 'You can amount to much more than you are. It is your business in life in which we purpose to give you every assistance, to find out that particular work in this world which you can do better than you can do anything else, and to help you to prepare yourself fully to do it.'

"While not desiring to become a vocational school, we hope to more fully establish that department of school work which has to do with manual training, and to utilize as we should the splendid possibilities of our farm in teaching the



students the dignity of life and the intense interest that comes in dealing with nature at first hand.

"Again Dummer is, and always has been cosmopolitan, in that its student body comes from widely different sections of the country and from different classes of society. In our present registration of 60 boys, there are students from Maine, students from California, from eight states and two foreign countries, from families of wealth and from those of very humble circumstances, who are here learning by intimate association, to appreciate the other fellow's point of view and to find in each other unsuspected qualities to admire.

"I have referred to the little band of friends to whose unwavering faith and efforts this school has at some crises of its existence been saved from the fate of many academies now falling into ruins. This band of friends has in recent years been greatly increased, and its growth and numbers and interest is one of marked characteristics of to-day. I cannot mention them all, but I cannot leave them unmentioned. Moody Kent, the donor of the Stickney fund; the Moseleys; the Withingtons; Mrs. Forbes; the Noyes family and their friends; the Misses Ropes; John Pierce; Winthrop Sargent of Philadelphia; the Misses Mason; our splendid treasurer, Frederick P. Cabot and his family; Mrs. Fenno; Mr. Lombard; our president, F. M. Ambrose; the Dummer Allies and the Colonial Dames, under the lead of Mrs. Barrett Wendell. These are a few of those who have rendered and are rendering the greatest service to Dummer.

"Master Moody had an advantage vouchsafed to none of his successors. Through an arrangement with his brother Joseph, his entire time was free to devote to his boys, his books and to teaching. The head of a school to-day has little to do with teaching and less with scholarship. He is purely and simply an executive, must be a good beggar and ply his craft far and near. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. I would wish nothing better for Dummer Academy and my successors than that it might be enabled to have masters who devoted their time to their craft and to offer to young men of red blood a career in teaching as attractive as that of any other walk in life. This is said in no complaining spirit for verily, 'fair is our lot, goodly is our heritage.'

"One has only to live here in any capacity to realize



the full forces, and the teaching value of the long established school tradition. It would seem that the spirits of the great and good who have here laid the foundation for lives whose records are scattered all over the world, at times hover near us, at least the thought that this is so, seizing upon the fancy of youth unconsciously effects his character and shapes his destiny.

"There is a power indefinable but real in all this history. It is hard to put into words these intangible things of the spirit, but I am fortunate in being able to give you in the words of one of our Trustees,—a graduate of one of the great public schools in England,—the spirit and feeling that inspires and influences the life of a boy at an old school.

"For it is not only a material sense that the school is old. The work that is now being done there has its analogy in the past. The continuity of past and present is most striking. There still lingers about the place something of the charm of far-off times and the members of the school also learn to assimilate some measure of old-world simplicity in character and manners.

"It is true, of course, that the sense that he is entering upon a great inheritance comes slowly to a boy, it does not usually influence his thoughts or acts until he has been some time at school. Sometimes, indeed, it never comes at all. But to most boys there comes, sooner or later, the realization that all that has been done in the history of their schools, from the earliest times unto now, is concentrated in themselves. When that awakening moment comes and the past with all it has to tell him lies unfolded before him he begins to reap the harvest of by-gone ages. He learns to look before and after, and to know himself to be the heir of a great past and the trustee of a future that may be greater still."

"It is recorded that the Carlisle Grammar School was founded by Saint Cuthbert in 686 and later refounded by Henry VII. in 1551. Dummer Academy was founded in a broad and liberal plan by William Dummer 150 years ago, and, without endowment of any size, through the faith and perseverance of its few but earnest friends has existed and actually increased in its efficiency until to-day. Every year new schools are built and royally equipped by the philanthropic and their founders do loyal service to the state and get to themselves well deserved honor. But Dummer Acad-

emy, with its wealth of tradition, its priceless heritage of 150 years behind it, its beautiful situation, offers a unique opportunity to some one to place his name beside that of the founder, and to share with him the immortality and fame that belongs to a great and liberal idea. As the Rev. Moses Parsons said at the opening day 150 years ago, "The liberal deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall he stand."

Ex-Governor John D. Long, the orator for the day, spoke as follows:

This is commencement month for our New England colleges and schools. It is enriched with all the glory of the perfect days in June and consecrated to the students' graduating performances and to his all-confident outlook upon the field where he is sure that he will win his spurs. You and I have had occasion in recent years to be at many representative gatherings similar to that which calls us now together, anniversaries, centennials, graduations. Some of the institutions thus celebrating have been those of long standing, gifted with large endowments and high in the range of prestige and honor. But I am sure that none of them has touched you so closely as this modest academy, nestled in this lovely rural Essex scenery and now celebrating the 150th year since its foundation by Governor William Dummer, "in the good old colony days when we lived under the kind." As Webster is said to have said in the famous Dartmouth will case, with a pathos that brought tears to his own eyes and to the eyes of those who heard him, "It is a small college, but there are those who love it."

I need not dwell on the public spirit and character of Governor Dummer, the motto of whose family, which was of French origin and dates back to William the Conqueror, was "To true courage nothing is impossible," and who gave, what was then, the liberal fund for this foundation. In three very interesting previous anniversary addresses, his lineage, life and public service and the many conspicuous offices he held have been eloquently set forth. I love to think of him, not personally so much, as typical of the men who were of the community about him; whose intellectual and moral potentialities he appreciated; to the elevation of whom, and their children, he so generously contributed, and whose

descendants have been the beneficiaries of this academy. He and they, however different their material possessions, were of the best blood of Massachusetts and of pure English stock. He had much, while they had little, of this world's goods. Their grandfathers, the original settlers, had brought with them little except their splendid inheritance of worth and character, their brave hearts and honest, hardworking hands. We talk nowadays of poverty; we pity our cities, full of poor; we create and foster in them our associated charities. And yet we have in them few families so scanty in their means and comparatively so comfortless in their homes—thanks to the inventions, improvements and distributions of modern times—as were the early settlers in Essex County two centuries ago. With what profound emotion we recognize the resolute and fruitful purpose and force which they put into their farms and toil.

It was worth and sturdiness, driving the oxen afield, cutting the wood, tending the sawmill, active in the training field and election, doing neighborly turns and kindnesses, making the wholesome texture of a pastoral, provincial, simple life. It was an ideal combination of industry, equality, freedom, intelligence and character. And through all the toil, privation and hardship there ran a homely cheer and humor, the religious faith, the love of country and family, the hope and sacrifice for children, and the inborn self-respect of the freeholders, all these redeeming and glorifying all else, and to-day commanding our respect and pride as no other ancestry could. Such were your and my ancestors.

If it was poverty, it was not poverty of dependence or charity or disparagement in any form, but poverty with independence and pride, living within such means as were its own and finding enough even at that with which to build the church and the schoolhouse, to acquire the elements of the common law, to discuss in town meeting the affairs of the town and the province and to fill out the measure of the enlightened citizen. Add to such a democracy the education of an academy like this, the exercise of religious freedom, the popular political discussions of the crossroads and hayfields and village stores, the common knowledge of men and things, the splendid ingrained inheritance of English common law ripened into the maxims, habits converse and system of the people, the absence on the one hand of great accumulations



of wealth and on the other of any consciousness of the deprivations of poverty, and especially that unconscious unreserve and inartificiality of intercourse which made the "hired man" the free and easy if not the superior disputant as well as companion of the owner of the field, add all these and you have the atmosphere of a practical education out of which no boy could emerge and not have a fitting such as no university could entirely give, a homely familiarity with the popular mind, and an inbred sympathy with the masses, not artificial or assumed but a part of character itself and a helpful agency in public service and in business affairs. Its fruits you see to-day and for years have seen in the elements which, from rural counties like Essex of old, have gone into the busy avenues of our national life and given enterprise, growth, success to the business, the government, the literature and the progress of our commonwealth and nation.

There were, of course, no railroads in those days, congesting great aggregations of people in business centers. There was not a city in New England; there was no great West tempting to distant investments. And yet there were the same strong, personal energies which in our generation have spanned the continent with iron rails, covered the ocean with floating palaces, dug the wealth of mines from the bowels of the earth, flashed the electric current into every dark place, and are now cutting a pathway from the sea between the northern and southern halves of this hemisphere. But the same vital force and strenuous endeavor were there though they found their exercise in locally restricted lines. Men who then in church and local frictions and enterprises, in town meeting and neighborhood affairs, and in the military exigencies of border warfare with the nearby French and Indians, made their impression on the time, were in natural ability fully the equals of the men who to-day make the whole world the theatre of their enterprises and the echo of their voices.

Such was the environment within which Dummer Academy had its birth. Most prominent in it is, of course, the figure of William Dummer. He was in the estimate of that day a man of wealth. But he made no better investment of any part of it than in this foundation. Could he witness this scene, could he walk these grounds to-day, he would exclaim, if his heart was not too full to speak, that the return



was greater than he had counted on and that he had builded better than he knew. It is no diminution of his praise that while this was his legacy, it was the legacy also of all the influences of the advancing civilization and demand of the time, of a patriotic and humane public spirit and of the influences of an educated clergy, most of them graduates of Harvard College and at that time representing, more than any other profession, the higher classical and university culture. The best evidence of this participation of the community is in the records of the parish of Byfield. From these it appears that the parish on January 11, 1762 accepted money previously given by the Honorable William Dummer, Esq., for the poor and proceeded therewith to themselves erect the little red building which you still see to the east on the other side of the road. They had the previous December voted to place the schoolhouse there on Governor Dummer's farm, agreeably to his will. It is now used as a chapel, but it was the first and for a long time the only schoolroom of the academy. Its rough hewn oak timbers and braces, like the knees of a ship are the work of the hands of the earnest townsmen of that day. There Samuel Moody, the first master, taught all his time. Look at that plain room and compare it with the magnificent school buildings and appointments of our luxurious day!

The funds and the general administration of this trust were at first put by Governor Dummer into the hands of two ministers, one of Boston and one of Newbury. But there is no better instance of the inability of any testator to provide in such a public charity for the changes that come with time and progress, than the fact that some twenty years later conditions became unsatisfactory and the general court was invoked and in 1782, Dummer Academy was incorporated and lodged in the hands of a board of trustees. There were put under it the loyal shoulders of successive public-spirited leading men of Essex whose names since then have adorned its roll of trustees. A very corner stone for its start was found in Samuel Moody, first master, who bristled with Greek and Latin roots and who reigned with great efficiency and success for twenty-seven years and has been succeeded by the long line of masters and assistants who have brought the school to its present stage.

Governor Dummer also lived in a brick house on School

street in Boston. His will is in the Suffolk County probate records. It is gratifying to read in it that he set free his negro servants—he does not call them slaves. For one of them, who seems to have been a favorite, he makes provision for life, specifically enjoining that “he shall have everything he wants.” There is also a legacy to Harvard College, the income to be for the benefit of its professor of divinity and professor of mathematics with the cautious provision that this shall not be a part of their salaries, but an addition thereto. Still another item in the will is interesting; it is that no boy shall be admitted to this school who cannot read English well. He makes no other condition of admission. To be sure, more is now required for admission into our institutions of the higher education, but it suggests whether it should not be required by them that at least their graduates shall be able to write and speak English well, in which respects some of them are sometimes lacking, even in the homely matter of spelling.

On these foundations Dummer Academy was erected and on these it has stood from that day to this. The Mansion House of Governor Dummer which he devoted to its use, is still the most interesting feature and bears witness to the provincially aristocratic position of its founder. The school has had its ups and downs, but in recent years under the generous uplift of the Society of Colonial Dames and other benefactors and the inclusion of helpful trustees from a larger circle and a good master it has taken fresh start and is renewing its aforetime prestige. Beginning with a tuition fee of a shilling a week, it has never entailed a heavy expense upon its students. In its time it has trained not only the scholar but the man. It has given him not only learning but character. In some respects it has been fortunate in its very days of small things. It has been just the sort of institution where the youth of limited means, but often of unlimited mental and moral capacity could fit himself for the great duties of life. It has met the demands of a simple rural but thorough-going and self-resourceful community. I am sure that you who are here can look back with pride on many of your school-mates, who were only a type of others that preceded them, and who lived on no gift tossed to them by charity, yet had to count every dollar they spent for their schooling; who boarded at cheap rates or walked morning

and night to and from their more distant homes, but who held their heads upright, took their places according to their merit and ability and going out from these portals into the world at large, whether in public or private station, whether known to fame or pursuing inconspicuous lines of honorable and serviceable life have made the mark of high character and exemplary citizenship.

When this academy began the advanced High School of to-day not then existing, need was felt for affording better and more liberal education at large, for something more than the common school on the one hand and something within easier reach than the college on the other. New England was then an Arcadia, the ideal of a Democratic state, a homogeneous people, all of pure English stock, pretty evenly distributed over the territory, with no very great inequality of wealth and still less of social position. To all appearances at that time such was likely to continue to be the condition of the future for generations to come. Where the sons and daughters were born in the large and home-staying families of that period, there they were likely to remain and become the civilization and stay of the community.

Their province was to cultivate the farm, construct coast sea-going craft, make implements and tools for local use, keep the tavern and the store, direct the town, fill its pulpit and other professional chairs and, if haply representing it in the service of the state or nation, to return to it as their home and permanent abode. It was the period of the erection of those more stately residences, plain and square and ample, bulwarked by the great barn and flanked by the profuse blossoming orchard, and intended to be the homestead of the family for centuries to come. Hence to meet the educational needs of the sons and daughters of these houses, came the birth of the various, now ancient, academies of our commonwealth. Among them this stands first on the list, the only one antedating the Revolution.

It has borne fruit now for a century and a half. Who shall estimate the value of its influence? Think for a moment what might have been the history of this community if it had not had this element in its development and character. Think of the faithful trustees who have made its prosperity dear to them. Think of its long line of inspiring teachers, fresh, some of them with the enthusiasm of recent



collegiate training; acquiring here some of them, the ripe experience of years of devoted educational service; in sympathy, all of them, with the unfolding and plastic souls which in the ingenuousness of youthful aspiration, have for 150 years come up here to the unlocking of the temple of knowledge. Think of the long roll of these students—young men who have not only been trained in Dummer's academic studies, but still more inspired by its academic association and standards, and so many of whom are gratefully here to-day recalling the sunrise on the scholar's brow, the enthusiasm and spirit of their early school time. It is as if for 150 years a well-spring of pure and living water had been bubbling up and overflowing and making sweet still rivers and green pastures.

Who shall say how much higher has been the level of conduct, how much more refined the intellectual and aesthetic life wherever the influence of this institution has found its way? Who shall tell me how many a heart, lonely in age or stricken with adverse fortune, yet finds solace in these academic memories which are as sweet as the flowers that scented the woodland in which years ago they walked. It is trite to say that the treasures of this world are not most in its material good things which appease our hunger or array us in goodly apparel or shelter us under a modern roof. For all these have exhausted their value when we are simply fed and clothed and housed, and everybody here is that. The distinctive fountain of human happiness is in the human soul itself, and the one thing needful is not that it should be accumulated upon from without, but developed and equipped to enjoy its own resources from within. What is life in reality after all but memory and imagination—the pictures of the past and visions of the future? For there is no present. It is gone ere I say the word. What is education in its best sense but the enabling every man and woman, whatever their environment, to put all learning, literature, history, art and all knowledge under contribution to illumine the associations of the past, the visions of the future?

It is no doubt true that the High School in every large town has supplanted and impaired the outreach of the academy. But the tide ebbs and flows. Students of educational problems already forecast the reaction which, in the complexity of our social system, will restore our academies to much







PARSON'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

of their former prestige. The High School must of necessity be always part of a more fixed and inelastic organization. It will be more and more hampered by the delicate sensitiveness of religious creed and race prejudice. It is exposed to the shadings of political complexion. It gives less room for those insubordinations of genius, those flashes of departure from ordained rule and method, and those individualities of moulding which have marked certain famous educational schools in England and America. How many a graduate here recalls not the routine of his student life at Dummer, but the personal impressions made upon him in the formation of his character by the man at the head of the school rather than by the school itself. Our academies are nurseries of individuality both in the teacher and in the pupil. In their atmosphere there is that chance, at least, of escape from the dead level of task and performance which has been the salvation of many a genius. Under the tremendous responsibility that is on us in these days we must, of course, let no prop go. We must hold every agency to its full use. We need the High School and the academy both, not in competition but in the complement of each other. Each is of high value and if wisely adjusted, meets a demand which the other cannot entirely fill.

It is pleasant and perhaps it is not an altogether unwarranted stretch of imagination, to think that, at this delightful and tender regathering of so many who have been associated with this scene, there are present even more than those who now visibly fill these seats and walk these grounds. What a striking body it would be if we could see face to face all who are or have been of this school—see them in the various costumes of their times, the boys with their fresh faces who were eager students here twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty years ago, the former trustees with Governor Dummer at their head in his cocked hat and knee breeches, and the long line of successive teachers. There would be nothing like it in story except the groups of shadowy ghosts that hovered about the living Aeneas in Elysian fields—officers in continental uniform in Stark's or Glover's regiments during the Revolutionary War; Tobias Lear, secretary to Washington; Preble, the iron commodore, who humbled the Barbary pirates; Rufus King, member of the Federal constitutional convention, United States Senator and

minister to Great Britain; Theophilus Parsons and garrulous Samuel Sewall with his diary under his arm, chief justices of Massachusetts; John S. Tenney, chief justice of Maine; Samuel Webber, president of Harvard; General F. W. Lander of the Union army in the Civil War; many college professors and members of Congress, and members of the General Court of Massachusetts, famous orators, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, plutocrats, leaders in domestic and foreign business whose ships ploughed all seas and whose mills of manufacture sang on every stream; Choates, Endicotts, Northends, Cabots, Moodys, Olivers, Poores, Longfellows, Phillippes, and names, indeed, from almost every family in Essex distinguished at the time or distinguished since. Associated with them are the names of Paul Revere, who made the academic seal which still exists, and John Quincy Adams, a student in the law office of Theophilus Parsons, and for six years clerk of the board of trustees, whose records during that period still exhibit his handwriting. Nor can I forget my sturdy classmate, Sam Newell, who here fitted for Harvard, whence we graduated in 1857 and for whose son of athletic fame a Harvard gate is named.

There is not an alumnus here who is not sitting with all his former classmates. He is not listening to me. His eyes and theirs are out in the open listening to the murmur of the leaves that rustle, just as of old, in the soft June zephyr. His ears and theirs are filled with the songs of the birds that perch, just as of old, on the nearest boughs and entice them to the green fields. He and they are impatient for recess and noontime for their sports or for a walk under the cool arches of the woods or to hunt for the strawberry that hides under its leafy bower and blushes red like a girl when caught, or of the buttercup that coquettes with its own reflection under their chins—all just as of old. Ah! there is no romance like school days; no poem like the school boy; no air castles, no dreams, no fancies, no heroism, no world of kindling aspiration like his. Were there ever such pangs of disappointment, such sense of burning shame in defeat, such bitter agony of unrequited love, such glorious triumph in success, such unbounded fulness and gladness of health and faith and hope, and sometimes I suspect I must add such riot of fun and mischief and wild oats, which, however, the good angels have long since forgiven.



The young are looking forward. Those of us who are older,—if, indeed, there are any such here, which in this renewal and finding of the secret of eternal youth, I doubt—we are looking fondly back. You must forgive me if I guess that after all it is not the philosophy of academic culture or the details of historic antecedents, but it is the personal reminiscence that is now uppermost in your thoughts; that you are recalling how you stammered over your first declamation and in a very small still voice thundered Cicero's question to Cataline demanding how long he proposed to abuse the patience of the Roman senate as you now would probably like to know how much longer I propose to abuse yours; that you are recalling the old summer evening glow of the firefly and the spring evening peeping of the frogs which, when you first left home to come here, associated itself forevermore with the tender melancholy of homesickness, and are recalling that, as the love of nature grew upon you, Essex county, where Whittier sang, became to you a volume of poems, a paradise of natural beauty, her picturesque roads winding over hill and down dale, the resonance of the sea and its salty breath sweeping in from her shore—the whole scene regrowing upon you. "Ah!" you sigh, "If we could but return to it as it was and as we then were!"

But enough, if ever so feebly I touch the chord which is vibrating in all your hearts, the electric wire that is flashing back the past years, opening all these vistas, peopling them with the old faces and scenes and hopes and aspirations of that youth which, though years pass, though age comes, though the locks whiten, is eternal in the spirit, and lives forever in the memory.

In that spirit and full of that memory you gather here to-day to bring back your sheaves to the feet of your academic alma mater, to utter your word of gratitude to her founder and benefactors and stewards, to thank her for the wholesome atmosphere in which she trained you and to write still deeper in your hearts your loyalty to her and to her inspirations.

But with all that good record of the past, shall we not now in a very brief final word look forward to the future? Shall not the high resolve be made that Dummer shall now and in the coming days be a potent agency for meeting the demands, the problems, the perils which confront our time

and which, like pests from an over-exuberant soil, are rising out of the very exuberance of our national prosperity and freedom? Shall not a force go out from these gates that will work mightily for wholesome purification in society, politics and literature—for the security of our economic resources—for keeping firm the foundations of the democracy which our fathers laid, some of them graduates here—for representative government—for the preservation of constitutional safeguards and of the rights, paradoxical as this seems, of the majority which are now endangered by crude theories that are distorting and straining instead of prudently utilizing the initiative, referendum and recall—and in short for seeing to it that the republic receive no detriment and turn not into an imperialism of wild, fanatical, and sometimes malicious vagaries of social and political chaos, an imperialism destined to its own decline and fall! Trained here to be wise as well as learned, shall not these graduates, open always indeed to more light, yet hold fast to that which is good—be indeed progressive yet also sure that they are on firm ground and not on thin ice—help, indeed, every sane and wholesome advance, yet save their fellow citizens from misleading wills-of-the-wisp, and the wiles of the self-seeking demagogue or scatter-brained and valuable crank—in short, be factors not only in the improvement of the social and political fabric but in its stability and security?

So may Dummer be not only a bright light shining in the past but even a brighter beacon in the future, and the mission of its graduates be to keep the rudder of the ship true to that serene and guiding ray.

At the close of the exercises a procession was formed and, headed by the band, the company marched to the tent which had been erected on the tennis courts behind the gymnasium, where dinner was served.

Hon. Alden P. White, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, was appointed toast-master.

---

#### AFTER DINNER SPEECHES.

Mr WHITE: "Sons of Dummer, and the friends of the Sons of Dummer, of course the name which is of the most

interest at this occasion is 'Dummer.' It has been now a habit honored more in the observance than in the breach to call as the first person honored by a toast, a survivor of the representatives of that first class of Dummer, namely the class of 1763. We have several this afternoon, and the choice has been a bit embarrassing as to whom to select, but that embarrassment has been somewhat removed by a motion which has been suggested, and I put that motion to you. As many of you as favor the selection for the representative of the Hon. John D. Long of Massachusetts will please hold up their hands until they may be counted. Contrary minded. The Chair sees only seven contrary minded, and he absolutely ignores them. I told the Governor that before we let him out of this tent that we were going to ask him to say a word. It also told him that I would put him on ice for a little while, and there he will remain until later. Now the President of the Sons of Dummer has asked if there are any here who were present fifty years ago. Are there any underneath this tent who were present at the anniversary fifty years ago?

(The following then rose from their seats: Leonard Adams of Byfield, Edward S. Tenney of Wollaston, George H. Tenney of Groveland, William N. Rogers of Methuen, Joseph H. Root of Woburn, George H. Dole of Haverhill, John W. Perkins and Mrs. Elizabeth Noyes Whipple of Boston.)

"I call upon one by the name of Dummer to respond to and for his honorable ancestry, a man who dwells in this neighborhood, who lives with a worthy pride in the family whose name he bears worthily, and who, as I saw only yesterday, by very visible evidence, had paid a pilgrimage to the ancestral home of the Dummers in England, Mr. JOSEPH N. DUMMER.

Mr. DUMMER: "I have been asked to speak as a representative of the Dummer family; most of you know its history. Our ancestor came from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror and settled in a village called Dummer, near Basingstoke. His descendants lived and still live in many of the towns of Hampshire and nearby counties.

"Richard Dummer was born in Bishopstoke, came to Roxbury in 1632, where he built the first corn mill to be run by water power in the colony. Coming to Newbury, he again



built a mill for grinding corn. Strangely enough the English, German and American branches of the family have been, and still are interested in flour milling.

"Richard Dummer was one of the influential men of the colony. His son Jeremiah, the silversmith of Boston, had three sons, Samuel, Jeremiah, the gifted agent of the colonies for many years in England, and William. The latter became a man of wide interests. While agent for the colonies in Plymouth, England, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the colony. He served fourteen years, half of the time as acting Governor. Coming to office in a troublesome time, he conducted the affairs of state so well that the historian of the time calls it 'The wise administration of Dummer.' He was a man who believed that each succeeding generation should be better than the last, that his duty in life, was to so live that those who were to follow should be better equipped for life and its duties.

"He asked not that a shaft should be erected to his memory over his grave. A shaft of polished granite in Granery burying-ground would be noticed but by a few, although in the heart of the Athens of America. But this farm which he had inherited from his father as a part of the two thousand acres granted by the town to his grandfather Richard, and this mansion house, which he had built with loving care, for his bride Katherine Dudley, are to be for all time memorials to be kept as they always had been, in the Dummer name. Is not this a memorial worth having? Read the roll of distinguished men who helped mould this mighty nation. You would recognize many a Dummer student among them. I am sure, were William Dummer to drive to these grounds with his coach and four, as he did many times in the days when he lived here, he would be pleased to see this gathering, meeting in his honor, after over 150 years had gone by.

"What has been done with this trust, handed down to us from its distinguished donor? The plant today corresponds well with yonder little building in which Master Moody instilled the elements of Latin grammar into the heads of future statesmen. Our equipment is good, but too small; we need larger buildings.

"A few weeks before I graduated, the first telephone message had been sent over the wire. In my attempt at an oration, I prophesied that the telephone would soon be in



universal service—that wires would be stretched from house to house. Dr. Pike, in his closing words on that occasion, said that if that time ever came, he prayed the Lord that he could have the say as to whose house his should be connected with! What would he say if he were living now?

“Let me venture again in the line of prophecy. When we meet again for possibly the 175th anniversary we shall see on the eastern end of this esplanade, a fine brick dormitory, nearby a new school-house, a central heating plant and all the equipment accommodating a school of 75 house boys. Over these buildings I see the name of . . . . . Hall, in memory of . . . . . The names are as yet a little indistinct. Whose names shall be recorded before the words ‘Memorial Hall’? Whose memory shall be perpetuated down the ages, encouraging and equipping young men for still greater triumphs in the vast lines of endeavor opening up before us? It depends upon the giver.

“Sons and Daughters of Dummer, friends of this old Academy, the opportunity is now before you. Let this day be a stepping-stone to higher and better things. The motto of Governor Dummer and his family I bring to you, ‘Au vray courage rein impossible’—With true courage nothing is impossible.

Mr. WHITE: Dummer Academy, President Frederick Marden Ambrose, of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. AMBROSE: “On an occasion like this, at a time so fraught with interest to this school, it is fitting that we should look to the future, but first revert to its founder. Splendid man and able ruler that he was, it was not as chief magistrate of this old Bay State that Governor Dummer rendered his greatest service to his state, nor was that his chief claim to our gratitude. We are more indebted by far to him for this, his lasting contribution to the cause of education. It was right here that he left the impress of his best work. In this estate of three hundred acres given in trust for the establishment and maintenance forever of a classical school, he left to us an imperishable legacy. He had the instinct to see that education was the vital need of the time and the unselfish devotion to establish a non-sectarian school, hedged in by no barriers of cast, which extends a welcome to all boys without distinction.

"Among the places of interest pointed out to the visitor in Calcutta, India, is a monument erected to the memory of Gen. Sir David Ochterlony. That plain shaft bears this inscription: 'He was educated in Dummer Academy in the State of Massachusetts.' Is it possible that he wished his name might thus be linked forever with the school? He was a man of sterling honesty and nobleness of character. These were the qualities that seemed to inspire the boys of that early period. No less distinguished were the services of Theophilus Parsons, Edward Preble and Rufus King. Their careers are all significant of the early training they received here. We like to feel that they went forth from this school to fight the battle of life. Emerson, in one of his essays, says, 'Let us make our education brave.' This seems to be the very quality of the education that Moody instilled into his boys in that early period.

"As Trustees it is our duty to look to its future. It is our aim to make this a model school. We want to say that here merit alone counts—ability and worth, not wealth. For it is in this school that character is largely taught, and is of vastly more importance than any knowledge acquired from books. I believe that it holds out great opportunities to boys in search of an education. While as trustees, we must keep pace with the growth of this school, we feel in admitting boys that we want not so much numbers as quality, for it is not numbers that make the ideal school, it is the spirit that animates its teachers and pupils. Here the boy not merely has the incentive to study Mathematics and Latin, but the lessons of Nature cannot fail to be impressed through our matchless environment. This is the place, I believe, for just such a school as this,—a school democratic in character, a school which lifts a boy above every-day life. In this age of corruption, when men in high places fall because of their consuming greed, in an age when pleasure seems unrestrained, such schools stand out like beacon lights of hope. We must stand by the old school! What matters it if at times in the past it has had to struggle for its very existence? As loyal Sons of Dummer, then, let us, with unfaltering hearts, carry on the work. Inspired by its past, confident of its future, thankful for all that it has done for us, we appeal to every friend of this school to sustain us in the work that stands before us."





PERLEY L. HORNE.



NEHEMIAH CLEVELAND,  
FORMER MASTERS OF DUMMER.



JOHN W. PERKINS.



Mr. WHITE: "Reference has been made to two gifts from two very helpful associations of women. This is a letter from the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames of America:

June 5, 1913.

My dear Mr. Cabot:

I have a great deal of pleasure in presenting to the Trustees of Dummer Academy from the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames of America, a cheque: to be used by the Trustees in whatever way they consider most helpful to the present needs of the Academy. The Dames would prefer some permanent form if possible.

Yours very cordially,

EDITH GREENLEAF WENDALL,

Pres. of Mass. Society.

Mrs. WENDALL: "It gives me great pleasure to present this birthday present to Dummer, in behalf of the Society of Colonial Dames."

Mr. WHITE: "It has been suggested that the reason there were so few here fifty years ago is because fifty years ago brings us to the year 1863, and this 9th day of June brings us to within only a few weeks before Gettysburg, where the sons of Dummer, many of them, were.

In the oration of this morning, it was dimly suggested that not all of the energies, mental and physical, of the every-day student at an academy is directed morning, noon and night to the acquisition of Greek and Latin roots. He just hinted about the occasional demonstrations in the line of fun, merriment and jollity, and then my eye fell upon a distinguished member of the Massachusetts bar, but I believe he has played hooky and gone out, because that suggested a toast, 'Wild oats, by one of the oats.'

"The orators have done honor to the pioneer head masters of Dummer Academy. There is at my right elbow a man whom long, long years ago I learned to love. I was one of the boys who called him, behind his back, with nothing but affection, 'Jack.' Mr. John W. Perkins, head master of Dummer."

Mr. PERKINS: "Ladies and gentlemen, my earliest rem-

iniscence of any affiliation with the affairs of this school has nothing to do with my official relations to it. But, as was indicated by my rising at a certain invitation, it runs back to a beautiful August day fifty years ago, when I was present at the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary. In company with some other members of my family, we had come here partly because of our general interest in institutions of learning, partly because of a personal acquaintance with the orator of the day, and partly for what I had learned of the good work of the school by certain young men whom I knew. I was at that time just half way through college at Harvard. Two years before I had been graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in Andover.

“At that time there were in the Academy some young men who had come there from this school, when it broke up here consequent upon the resignation of Mr. Henshaw, and we all knew we had to make an exception in favor of those boys. We saw that they had had the kind of training apparently not inferior to that we received. Later at Harvard I came to know other men who had received their fitting at Dummer, and from other sources I heard much, and all that I heard was greatly to the credit of the school. Nearly twenty years after that anniversary day, I came here to take charge of the school as principal, and I remained here for twelve years.

The constituency of the school during those years was a varied one, and was drawn from widely divergent regions. We had students from nearly half of the states in the Union, and from several of the most distant states of the Union, from Cuba, Canada, South America, Turkey, Japan and from Korea.

“As to the general work of the school, it was largely almost of an individual character. It was altogether in small classes, and what the character of the success was might be judged of by the fact that every year several went out into higher institutions of learning.

“We seem to have had the good fortune of having an unusual number of good athletes, and that was evidenced by the great number of victories which they had in inter-school contests. They used to have these contests with all the leading High Schools in the vicinity, from Portsmouth to the

Boston Latin School, and the victories were more than the defeats.

"I came here from a long experience as master of the Salem High School, where I had had a very pleasant life, and I have often been asked why I ever made the change. There were two or three reasons, one of which was a matter of physical health. Another consideration was my failure of perfect satisfaction with a certain condition in the management of our public schools. It seemed to me that the prospect of having a smaller school, where I could deal with pupils as individuals rather than as parts of a system, was a very inviting one. There was another consideration also. Just about that time, the question whether the public High School should permanently be maintained by taxation seemed to me to be hanging in the balance. The tide of opinion, however, turned very soon afterwards and on no part of our public school system has money been poured out so liberally as upon our secondary schools."

Mr. WHITE: "I am going to ask Dr. Ingham to give briefly what he has to say with reference to Master Moody."

Master INGHAM: "Master Moody's grave in York, Me., has been decorated this day with a memorial wreath as an appropriate emblem to connect his name and his work with this day."

Mr. WHITE: "With reference to Master Moody, I ask Mr. Henry H. Edes, of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, a most eminent antiquarian, what has been done with reference to monuments to Dummer in Boston."

Mr. EDES: "I supposed I was asked to speak because I had the honor to be one of the trustees of the old First Church in Boston, which lives to-day under the same beautiful covenant which Gov. Winthrop signed on that August day. Mr. Dummer has referred to old Jeremiah Dummer, the father of the Governor. I am reminded that old Jeremiah, the silver-smith, was long connected with the old South Church in Boston, and that he had two sons baptized there, Jeremiah, who died in childhood, and William, the Governor. Shortly after the baptism of the Governor, who was your founder, the father transferred his relations to the Old First



Church, and was prominent in the affairs of the First Church and in the affairs of the town of Boston. After his relations had been transferred to the First Church, his third son, the second Jeremiah, was born and baptized. That Dummer was the famous Jeremy Dummer who graduated at Harvard in 1699 and then went abroad and took his degree of philosophy at Utrecht. He was one of the most brilliant scholars of his day. He was much at the Court of St. James and was the agent of the Colony of Connecticut and the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, and it was at the time that the charters were so seriously threatened in the time of George the First, that he wrote that famous tract known as 'A defence of the New England Charters.'"

"It will be interesting to those who are present to know that some of the kinsmen and kinswomen of Jeremiah Dummer have provided a beautiful tablet to be soon erected in the First Church. Later on we may also have on our walls a tablet to our Governor. He was long connected with the Church and gave to us one of the most beautiful silver flagons that have been preserved to this day. It is still in constant use."

"There is another connection which is worthy of mention. When the Governor made his will, in which this noble educational institution was founded, he selected for his trustees Dr. Chauncey, Thomas Foxcroft, and his relative, Nathaniel Dummer, of Byfield. It is also interesting that only last week the fund was provided for placing on our walls tablets to the memory of Foxcroft and Chauncey."

"I can only say that it is a great pleasure to be here and to bring to you the greetings of the First Church in Boston and its Godspeed."

Mr. WHITE: "There are but two other speakers, Dr. Amen, of our sister institution at Exeter, and that toast which I am soon to take out of ice. I will give Dr. Amen for a subject, the probable ethnological influence of the Panama Canal on the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego."

Dr. AMEN: "I will dodge the subject as set for me. From time to time I have been happy to talk over with Dr. Ingham some of the problems which we have in common and some which we are compelled to face from directly different



points of view. Before I present to you my congratulations, may I say that I have often wondered what my own personal life and that of the town and school from which I come would have been had not Richard Dummer, who was called a sincere-hearted servant of Christ and one of the fathers of Massachusetts, the distinguished grandfather of your founder, the Governor, been so greatly in advance of his time in his views on toleration. Richard Dummer was liberal, wealthy, influential and benevolent. A grandson, Governor William Dummer endowed a grammar school in Newbury in whose galaxy of brilliantly distinguished sons there was a Samuel Phillips, a pupil of Master Moody, who was instrumental directly in the founding of Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover Academies."

"I merely want to say in passing that there is a field still for the endowed academies, and I think, a richer and a greater field than they have had to work for a century, and it is soon to be available."

"I have here a very incomplete list of the new and old secondary schools. The list of new schools is twenty, comparatively recently endowed, and the list of old revived schools on an accumulated fund is ten. The number could easily be greatly increased. I speak of this as evidenced that Dummer has plenty of opportunity if it will keep its hand steadily on the helm which its founder intended it should keep."

"In 1853, the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, father of President Eliot, said, 'There should be not only some education for all, but every needed kind of education from which all may make a choice,' and that sums up the entire problem. Do not think for one moment, however important may be the work of the public High Schools of the country, that if they move off toward the field of vocational studies, that the other kind of education is to be surrendered. The voluntary system of endowed schools is merely supplementary to public High Schools, and a great number of parents in this country are demanding it. These old academies are among the most precious institutions of New England; they were and they should continue to be the hearth-stone of classical education in our country; and by classical education, I mean liberal. Such institutions vitally need as their heads men of sound and liberal learning, of great devotion to high ideals, lovers

and inspirers of youth; and they doubly need such men to give long terms of service that they may preserve and deepen what I may call 'the spirit of the place.' We have five men who have given in their service to Phillips Exeter a term of service which amounts to two hundred years, and this element of permanency in the private and endowed school can rarely be counted upon in the public school system of our country. Some way should be devised by which an ancient school may hold fast with hooks of steel to the man when once he is found who embodies the qualities, necessarily many in number and varied in kind, who will lead and inspire youth to be true to their greatest and noblest endeavor. For the welfare and efficient life of the school, a sufficient compensation for such a man should be offered, enough to place him and his family beyond anxiety. An endowment to secure life service of the head master is needed."

"I wish all prosperity to this ancient school in her high mission. Be true to that mission, true to the founder and his ideals, as interpreted by Master Moody and many of the wise and devoted men who succeeded him; be true to the spirit of the fathers; hold aloft tenaciously and courageously the torch of liberal learning and prosperity and success await you."

"At Exeter, we feel glad on this day, because of the many tender ties which bind us together. As principal of the Phillips Exeter Academy, I bear to you the most cordial and hearty greetings from a younger to an older sister, and most hearty congratulations and felicitations."

"May the Sons of Dummer for centuries to come rise up as we do now and call her blessed."

Mr. WHITE: "It seemed to me, as I listened to it, that nothing could have been more fitting, that nothing could have been more estimably adapted to the time and the occasion than the oration of the statesman who has so graciously honored us with his presence. In the oration, if we come to read it word for word by-and-by, as I hope we shall, we shall see that not only the prophet, the historian, the philosopher had his word, but that underneath and permeating it all, adding charm to the substance and the whole work, was the word of the poet, and I think, whenever we shall have occasion to consider the remarkable career of this gentleman, who

has achieved a high, a very high, place in statesmanship, in his profession and as a model citizen of this Commonwealth, that we who love and appreciate the true and the beautiful and the poetic in life and in literature will think of him very, very highly in this respect. I noticed that a hint of Virgil got into the oration. He told us, if you remember, something about those ghosts that fluttered about Aeneas in the Elysian fields. It reminded me that in those spare hours, which a busy scholar never does make spare, but always fills up with some literary activity, he, out of his love for the classics, made a beautiful translation into English of Virgil's Aeneid. And that reminded me of another reminiscence which I heard at a bar dinner. A number of years ago there lived up in our neighboring city on the Merrimack a man of our profession who was quite a character. Physically, he had that retundity down here in the equatorial region which suggested possibly a molasses hogshead, and his dome had that absolute baldness which suggested the billiard ball, and that face of Micawber which we are so familiar with in our pictures of Dickens. He had a great deal of Yankee shrewdness and a great deal of that natural wit which made him a most dangerous antagonist. He was a rank Democrat and succeeded in getting into the Massachusetts legislature in a Republican district. He talked sometimes when he was on the stump and sometimes before the jury with a nasal twang. He was doing the stump-speech act in one of the wards of the city where his audience was the unwashed kind. It did not suggest graduates of Dummer or of Harvard, or of any close application to the classics. It happened to be in that campaign where our honored guest was for the first time the candidate of his party for Governor of this Commonwealth, and the gentleman, as he was approaching the state campaign issues, said: 'And now, fellow Democrats, who have we got against us to run on the Republican ticket for Governor of this Commonwealth? His name is John D. Long. He is a lawyer in Boston, and I understand that he is a good lawyer. And what else has he done for the Democrats? Why, he has translated Virgil from Latin into English! What is that to you, fellow Democrats, who every night of your lives read Virgil in the original vernacular?' "



Hon. JOHN D. LONG: "Mr. White, you ended with a question. I sha'n't answer it. You couldn't yourself. Any more than you can translate Virgil. I am very glad to learn from you that there is any gentleman in Essex County of our profession who had a character.

"I liked the first part of your speech. It was an admirable appreciation of the oration of the morning. Your analysis of it and your appreciation of it, were exceedingly nice and accurate. But you are a hard-hearted fellow. After the labor, the strenuous labor, through which I went this morning, with my neck under the yoke, to put this burden upon me of further speech, and the still further burden upon this audience of listening to me, and then the exquisite cruelty of putting me on ice and leaving me there for a good hour! At any rate, Brother Amen ought to have had the close of the proceedings. And you kept me in that frigid condition from which I sha'n't recover unless my habits will permit me to attend 'a bar dinner.' More than that, you know that the ball game was to come off at half past three. It is now already beyond that hour. Your proposal was to cut me off, to announce me and not to give me a chance. I don't propose to be treated in any such way! If I had my copy of the Aeneid here, I would read the whole twelve books, and to this audience, graduates of Dummer, I am sure I could read it in the original.

"I understood you to say that you were going to ask me to speak for the class of 1763, and as I looked upon these venerable men and women, I felt it would be a delight to do so, and to ask them to recall the events of that year. And looking at the boys who are now at this school, I was reminded of the days when I was their age, when I was leaving the Academy where I had *not* been fitted for Harvard. Indeed, so wretchedly fitted that, in going to Cambridge, I only sneaked in by the skin of my teeth, with seven conditions! May not that be your fate, boys!

"Referring to your old masters, I am reminded of stories about Master Smith, who succeeded Master Moody. The father of one of the boys came to Master Smith and said, 'Master Smith, when will my boy be fitted to enter college?' 'Well,' said he, 'he will be fitted about the time that you can put a peck of oats into a bushel basket and fill it.'







DUMMER BOYS ON THE RIVER.

But seriously, I must say with what great pleasure I have participated in this occasion. I was myself a student at a little Academy at Westford in this state, which was incorporated in 1795, and I think no years of my life were happier than those I spent there. With cordial appreciation of the past of Dummer Academy and of my delightful participation in these exercises to-day, with the most cordial good wishes for its future, I thank you for the kindness with which you have received me and the patience with which you have listened to me now for a second time."

\* \* \* \* \*

During the dinner it was announced that the loans made respectively by Mrs. Charles C. Jackson and Mrs. Joseph Lee, each of \$1000, were cancelled; also that Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Poor, daughters of Samuel Sternes, had that day presented \$500, to found a scholarship to be called "The Samuel Sternes Scholarship."

In conclusion the Dummer Ode was sung to the tune of "Fair Harvard."

#### THE DUMMER ODE.

Once more we unite in the shade of these trees,  
 In this spot to our memory dear;  
 While the voice of old comrades is borne on the breeze  
 To us who are gathering here.  
 O Dummer, fair Dummer, we come back to thee,  
 As children returned from afar  
 To the mother who cherished and taught them to be  
 True men, whom no baseness should mar.  
 It is long since we left thy safe sheltering arm,  
 To battle for thee and for Right;  
 But thy sons have preserved thy dear honor from harm,  
 Though many have fallen in fight.  
 O Mother, to-day as we stand at thy knee,  
 Thy children again as of yore,  
 We ask but a fresh inspiration from thee,  
 To ennoble our lives evermore.





## APPENDIX

---

### List of Principals and Trustees of Dummer Academy, with Dates of Service

#### MASTERS.

1763	Samuel Moody, A. M.....	1790
1790	Isaac Smith, A. M. ....	1809
1809	Benjamin Allen, LL.D. ....	1811
1811	Abiel Abbott, D.D. ....	1819
1819	Samuel Adams, A.M. ....	1821
1821	Nehemiah Cleaveland, LL.D. ....	1840
1837	Phineas Nichols, Eng. Dept. ....	1841
1840	Frederick Adams, Ph.D. ....	1846
1847	Henry Durant, A.M. ....	1849
1850	Ariel Parish Chute, A.M. ....	1853
1854	Marshall Henshaw, D.D., LL.D. ....	1859
1861	John S. Parsons, A.M. ....	1862
1863	Solon Albee, A.M. ....	1864
1864	Edwin L. Foster, A.M. ....	1865
1866	Levi Wentworth Stanton, A.M. ....	1872
1872	Ebenezer Greenleaf Parsons, A.M. ....	1882
1882	John Wright Perkins, A.M. ....	1894
1894	George B. Rogers, A.B. ....	1896
1896	Perley Leonard Horne, A.M. ....	1904
1904	William Dudley Sprague, A.B. ....	1905
1906	Leon Edwin Ryther ....	1907
1907	Charles Samuel Ingham, Ph.D. ....	—

## TRUSTEES.

ACC.		EX.
1782	Hon. Jeremiah Powell, Pres. ....	1784
1782	Hon. Benj. Greenleaf, Pres. ....	1798
1782	Hon. Jonathan Greenleaf, Pres. ....	1806
1782	Rev. Joseph Willard, D.D., LL.D. ....	1804
1782	Rev. Charles Chauncey, D.D. ....	1789
1782	Rev. Moses Parsons ....	1784
1782	Rev. John Tucker, D.D. ....	1792
1782	Rev. Thomas Cary ....	1808
1782	Samuel Moody ....	1790
1782	William Powell ....	1786
1782	Micajah Sawyer, M.D. ....	1815
1782	Dummer Jewett ....	1785
1782	Hon. Samuel Osgood ....	1789
1782	Nathaniel Tracy ....	1789
1782	Richard Dummer ....	1805
1784	Hon. Theophilus Bradbury ....	1823
1784	Hon. Theophilus Parsons, LL.D. ....	1813
1786	Joseph Hale ....	1817
1789	Rev. John Andrews, D.D. ....	1838
1789	William Coombs ....	1814
1792	John Adams ....	1804
1797	Hon. Ebenezer March, Pres. ....	1819
1797	Rev. Elijah Parish, D.D. ....	1825
1800	Nathaniel Carter ....	1818
1805	Enoch Sawyer, M.D. ....	1808
1805	Edward Little ....	1814
1805	Benjamin Colman ....	1807
1806	Rev. John Snelling Popkin, D.D. ....	1822
1806	Ebenezer Parsons ....	1819
1809	Hon. Daniel A. White, LL.D. ....	1820
1809	Silas Little ....	1827
1810	Rev. John Prince, LL.D. ....	1815
1815	Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, LL.D. ....	1828
1815	Hon. John Pickering, LL.D. ....	1818
1815	Daniel Hale ....	1837
1815	Hon. Ebenezer Moseley, Pres. ....	1839
1818	Hon. Timothy Pickering, LL.D., Pres. ....	1822
1818	Oliver Prescott, M.D. ....	1826
1818	Rev. James Morss, D.D. ....	1833
1819	Thomas Gage ....	1828
1820	Hon. Samuel S. Wilde, LL.D., Pres. ....	1830

1822	Hon. Nathan Noyes, M.D. ....	1832
1822	Hon. Samuel Putnam, LL.D. ....	1825
1822	Hon. Benjamin Pickman ....	1825
1825	Hon. Jeremiah Nelson ....	1838
1825	Hon. Edward S. Rand ....	1833
1826	Gorham Parsons ....	1833
1826	Moses Dole ....	1847
1826	Ebenezer Shillaber ....	1831
1828	Rev. Isaac R. Barbour ....	1835
1828	Hon. Daniel Adams ....	1866
1829	Jeremiah Colman ....	1866
1831	Rev. Leonard Withington, D.D., Pres. ....	1852
1833	Rev. Thomas B. Fox, Pres. ....	1850
1833	Rev. John C. March, Pres. ....	1847
1833	Jonathan G. Johnson, M.D. ....	1853
1834	Rev. Henry Durant ....	1847
1836	Ebenezer Hale ....	1847
1837	Daniel Noyes ....	1868
1838	Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, LL.D. ....	1845
1838	Rev. Willard Holbrook ....	1843
1838	Hon. Henry W. Kinsman ....	1843
1840	Hon. Robert Cross ....	1843
1840	Hon. David Choate ....	1850
1843	Rev. John Pike, D.D., Pres. ....	1895
1843	Winthrop Sargent ....	1846
1846	Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D.D. ....	1850
1846	Hon. Asahel Huntington ....	1870
1848	Hon. Edward Everett, LL.D. ....	1850
1848	Benjamin A. Gould ....	1859
1848	Rev. George Punchard ....	1857
1850	Jared Sparks, LL.D. ....	1853
1850	Rev. Francis V. Tenney ....	1858
1851	John Proctor ....	1853
1854	David S. Caldwell ....	1883
1852	Edward S. Moseley ....	1900
1853	Rev. Daniel Fitz ....	1870
1853	James Walker, D.D., LL.D. ....	1860
1853	Hon. Allen W. Dodge ....	1865
1853	Luther Moody ....	1871
1857	Rev. Samuel G. Spalding, D.D. ....	1892
1859	Rev. Charles Brooks ....	1864
1860	Benj. A. Gould, Ph.D. ....	1895
1860	Cornelius C. Felton, LL.D. ....	1863

1863	Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. ....	1870
1866	Nehemiah Cleaveland, LL.D. ....	1877
1866	Dean Peabody .....	1882
1866	Rev. Daniel P. Noyes .....	1888
1868	Samuel W. Stickney .....	1875
1870	Moses Colman .....	1900
1870	Rev. Charles R. Palmer .....	1874
1870	Francis Dane .....	1875
1870	Samuel M. Bubier .....	1876
1870	George A. Todd .....	1883
1872	Hon. George F. Choate .....	1889
1874	Joseph S. Dodge .....	1903
1875	Hon. William D. Northend .....	1901
1876	Robert Codman .....	1900
1877	Rev. James H. Childs .....	1884
1881	Cyrus Woodman .....	1889
1883	Charles W. Moseley .....	1908
1883	David L. Withington .....	1888
1884	Rev. George L. Gleason .....	1893
1885	Alexander B. Forbes .....	1895
1888	Isaac C. Wyman .....	1910
1890	John Hamilton Morse .....	1907
1890	Hon. John W. Candler .....	1903
1892	Rev. Egbert Coffin Smyth .....	1904
1893	Rev. David C. Torrey .....	1910
1895	Rev. John L. Ewell .....	1898
1895	Edmund H. Stevens, M.D. ....	1905
1895	Edward P. Noyes .....	1913
1895	Fred M. Ambrose .....	—
1898	Rev. James Hardy Ropes .....	1910
1900	Benjamin Pearson, Jr. ....	1909
1900	John Pierce .....	—
1902	Jarvis Lamson .....	—
1902	Hon. Alden P. White .....	—
1902	Hon. Edward B. George .....	1913
1904	Rev. Herbert Edwin Lombard .....	1911
1905	Joseph H. Pearle .....	1906
1906	Joseph Newell Dummer .....	—
1908	Charles S. Ingham, Ph.D. ....	—
1909	Alfred A. Ordway .....	—
1909	Frederick P. Cabot .....	—
1909	Moorfield Storey .....	1911
1910	Charles A. Bliss .....	1912



# TRUSTEES.

103

1910	William H. Blood, Jr. ....	_____
1910	William R. Castle, Jr. ....	1913
1911	Ivan T. Rule ....	_____
1911	Hon. Rufus Dodge Adams ....	1913
1912	Francis Abbott Goodhue ....	_____
1913	Edward H. Little ....	_____
1913	Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse ....	_____
1913	Corwain MacDonall ....	_____





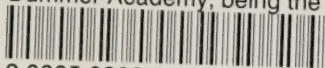




373.73H D889 C623 c.1

Cleaveland # A history of  
Dummer Academy, being the

OISE



3 0005 02024792 3

373.73H

D889

C623

Cleaveland

A history of Dummer Academy,  
being the centennial discourse  
delivered by Nehemiah Cleave-  
land on August 12th, 1863...

373.73H

D889

C623

Cleaveland

A history of Dummer Academy, being  
the centennial discourse delivered  
by Nehemiah Cleaveland on August  
12th, 1863...

